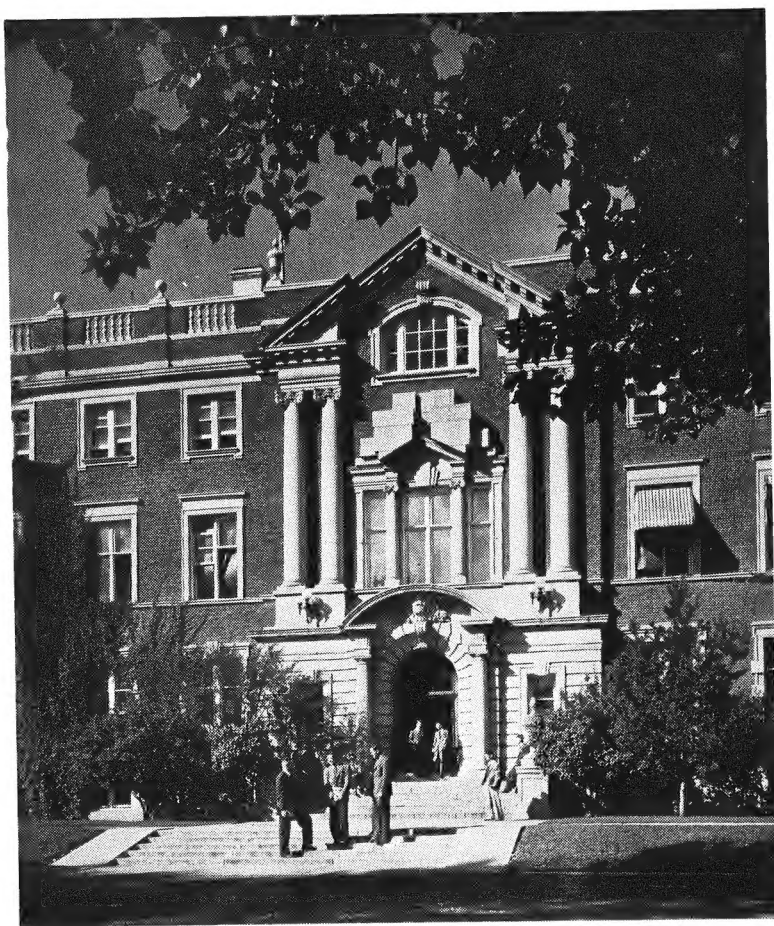


The New Trail



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Student Guidance at the University

By Morden H. Long

In response to a suggestion from the University Survey Committee, the President of the University appointed in the autumn of 1942 a committee of five members of the Faculty to study the problem of Student Guidance. Three of these were alumni: Miss Grace L. Duggan, '20, Dr. H. E. Rawlinson, '27, and Mr. L. A. Thorssen, '39. Professor Andrew Stewart served as Secretary, and the writer as Chairman.

Student guidance has been the business of Presidents, Deans, and other administrative officers since the very beginning; and for nearly a quarter of a century the Freshman Committee with its system of faculty advisers has dealt with it in the first year where it is most acute and difficult. We had to decide whether to continue and improve upon the methods locally evolved or to abandon and replace them.

A much ampler literature exists on Guidance in the Universities of the United States than can be found on the subject in Canadian and British universities. Questionnaires were therefore sent to the heads of many of the latter over the President's signature. These elicited interesting and valuable information and opinions. The views of many members of the University Faculty were also obtained, and those of administrative officers. In order to draw upon the experience of those who had been "guided," we interviewed a selected group of undergraduates whose election to student offices showed that they had the confidence of their fellows, and sent questionnaires to all graduates of the preceding five years and to all other graduates who had maintained membership in the Alumni Association. These numbered in all nearly two thousand, of whom about 350 replied, many with much care and thought. The gathering and study of this material and the writing of a report on it by a group whose members had different points of view and heavy duties, required a good deal of time. The Report, however, has at last appeared. It touches on a great number of topics, many of them highly debatable, some of the more important of which will be treated here.

The Report considers that the problem of University guidance really begins in the High School. The recommendations of alumni and the practice of some British universities suggest that school contacts of the University might be multiplied. Youths of the Province who are approaching university age should be fully informed of the possibilities both of a liberal education and of training for professional service that are opened up through an institution maintained by public taxes. The Report therefore recommends more frequent visits by the President, Deans, and members of the teaching staff to High Schools. It also approves of *Your University*, the new pamphlet prepared at the instance of the President by a committee under Dr. Sheldon to replace the very formal, not to say formidable, *Bulletin of General Information* formerly published. The new booklet describes in simple style the place of the University in the life of the Province and the opportunities it offers. It also portrays the organization and life of the University and is generously illustrated. In

short, *Your University* breaks new ground in pre-university guidance in Canada. But though the printed word may be powerful, the spoken word is often more so, and alumni might assist us greatly as unofficial counsellors in the preliminary guidance of our prospective students.

The Report further stresses the necessity of the best possible articulation between the University and the High Schools. The replies to the questionnaires revealed over and over again that if students in the schools are not taught, and adequately taught, the things which are fundamental to University studies, they soon find themselves in difficulties. The University, of course, does not and never did hold that the curricula of the High Schools should be shaped solely with a view to University entrance; but if the preparation deemed by the University to be wise or essential is unavailable in the High School, no mere "Guidance" can remedy the situation. But the answer requires more than mere articulation of curricula. Between most teachers of the University and those of the High School there exists an almost complete lack of intercourse in spite of the fact that education is unitary and continuous. More personal contacts, therefore, are needed, more discussion of common problems and a resultant concert and co-operation in the educational process. The Report, therefore, suggests an occasional or periodical conference at the University, of University instructors and those High School teachers and inspectors especially interested in preparing students for advanced studies.

Concerning student guidance within the University itself, the Report first makes two or three general points. The great majority both of alumni and of undergraduates thought that there was too little rather than too much guidance at the University; but there is danger not only in a lack of guidance but also in an excess. Students should, of course, receive every help in making major decisions which involve success or failure in life. It is still true, however, that the individual grows in character and ability by wrestling self-reliantly with his own difficulties instead of always having them smoothed away by a "paternal" expert. Guidance can be carried to a demoralizing extreme of over-organization and perpetual fussiness. The ideal is an individual who can stand on his own feet and face and solve his own problems. In guidance, therefore, a happy mean should be continually sought, though it is not always easy in practice to discover it. While the University, through the Faculty, should meet the student in a spirit of friendliness and should always be ready to give him reasonable assistance and advice, it should also cultivate his qualities of independence, self-reliance, and initiative.

Holding this view, the Committee steers a middle course. It makes recommendations which may increase the amount and improve the quality of guidance, but it recoils from the establishment on the campus of a costly and experimental body of personnel experts with the sole function of guidance, such as has been installed in many American universities but which is by no means universal or characteristic of all those of the highest reputation. Indeed, the Committee is dubious of the principle of specialization on which the experiment is based. It admits, of course, and welcomes, the use of the services of men specially trained in psychology, education, and vocational work. It recommends that there should always be on the staff

a trained psychologist who can be called in to help when necessary, but he should be a regular teaching member of the staff. Similarly, the University should have available an expert in vocational guidance, an expert in educational measurement, and so on. But in all cases the expert should be used as a consultant only and should not be divorced from regular teaching and research. The Committee believes that an instructor who is learned in his field, full of enthusiasm for it, and doing research in it, is better placed to be an effective adviser than an outside person whose sole function is the tendering of advice. An instructor confronted with a problem which is out of his field, however, should make sure that the student gets the best advice available. It is along these lines that development has been taking place in the University, as well as in other Canadian universities and in the universities of Great Britain. Students proceeding from Canadian universities to higher studies in the post-graduate schools of the United States have as a rule found themselves under no serious handicaps as compared with the graduates of American universities. In fact, their general record has been enviable. Until the product of American education shows a superiority not apparent in the past, the Committee would prefer to follow British and Canadian tradition and practice.

The Report therefore, rather than recommending the introduction of a brand-new system, makes suggestions designed to improve the existing one. Some of these have to do with the registration of new students which is the first formal act of guidance performed by the University within its own walls. It is obvious that the choice of courses, and sometimes of a faculty and career, makes this often a crucial occasion, and some alumni felt that they had at this time made mistakes of judgment which later placed them under serious handicaps. Human judgment being fallible, however, it is impossible to eliminate all mistakes. The problem is how to minimize them. Though the system of registration at the University has been evolved over the years with constant scrutiny and frequent amendment, and is probably not inferior to the system in operation at other Canadian universities, the Committee thought that some improvements could be effected.

1. It is recommended that, as in some British universities, registration, or at least all possible preliminaries to it, be accomplished in advance by correspondence.
2. It is suggested that the new student should be notified a week or ten days before the opening of the term of the name of his adviser or consultant for the first year. He will report to this person for guidance when he arrives at the University.
3. The student's final registration should be accomplished in consultation with his adviser.
4. In order to give time for such consultation and thus cut errors to a minimum, the period of registration for new students should be lengthened from one day to three.
5. Whenever possible, consultations over registration and other initial problems should take place in the offices of advisers rather than in Convocation Hall, thus securing greater quietness and privacy.

By these amendments it is hoped that the first contacts of new students with the University will be given a more personal and friendly character and that more effective guidance will be achieved, not only in matters of registration but in other initial problems.

The questionnaires revealed approval by many alumni of various features of the reception of new students into the life of the University—the tours of University buildings arranged by old students for newcomers, the Wauneita reception to new women students, the “Frosh Smoker” for men, the addresses by the President of the University and the President of the Students’ Union, and the comradeship generally of the first week of the term. It seems very much worth while to continue these features and to study each year any possible improvement of them. The Report makes three further suggestions. The first is that in addition to receiving a leaflet descriptive of the Library and its use, new students should be conducted through it and told about it. Secondly, it is recommended that, as in many university libraries, the staff should be so increased as to permit a member to specialize on reference work and the assistance of students generally. Thirdly, inquiry revealed that the opening days and weeks of the term, in which it is important that new students should settle down in their novel surroundings and make headway with their work, have often been greatly disturbed by “rushing” for membership in fraternities and sororities. Accordingly, the Report strongly urges that new students be not eligible for such membership until and unless they have successfully completed their first half year with an average of 65%.

The guidance or counselling of students which thus begins at or before registration continues in greater or less degree throughout the student’s life at the University. It has many agencies, informal as well as formal. The chief informal agency is other students. From this source many alumni said they received guidance that was most potent—and frequently unsound. Other informal agencies are parents, relatives, alumni, teachers, the clergy, and business and professional men. These agencies seem often to have been powerful, but they are outside the University and not subject to its control.

Within the University itself, instructors, both formally and consciously in class and laboratory and informally and unconsciously in conversation and behaviour have given guidance and inspiration to students. This is a most natural and valuable form of guidance, the further growth of which would be wholesome.

The chief formal agencies of guidance, however, have been the Deans, the Provost, and the Adviser to Women Students. These officials have been constantly engaged in counselling students in their choice of courses and careers, the conduct of student affairs, and personal problems. Their work often involves praise and encouragement and sometimes admonition and discipline. Some graduates complained of errors of judgment, or of an aloofness which inhibited them from approaching these officials, but the great volume of opinion showed that their services had been performed on the whole in a friendly and efficient fashion. While a few graduates and undergraduates expressed the opinion that a more elaborate counselling service should be established for the senior years, the Committee believes that until the demand for it is much greater and until the Deans themselves ask for the appointment of sub-Deans or other assistants, it would be inadvisable to take steps in this direction.

While the need for guidance persists throughout University days, it is especially insistent during the first year when the choice of a vocation may become urgent and when there are difficulties of transition from home and High School to the larger and freer life of the University. The individual upon whom in the past the greatest burden of first-year guidance has fallen has been the Chairman of the Freshman Committee. A few of the graduates were critical of the way in which this arduous duty had been performed, but, as in the case of the Deans, criticism was far outweighed by the volume of appreciation expressed often in very warm terms. It is only fair to say that in many cases where resentment and criticism were aroused, the Deans and the Chairman of the Freshman Committee have been simply the agents of the University applying a rule or conveying a decision made collectively by a Faculty Council or by the Freshman Committee on which all faculties are represented.

The Committee believes that the Freshman Committee has done a good job over the years. Its aim has been to encourage students to do their best work and to help them to do so by trying to discover, and where possible to remove, the difficulties which have impeded them. Its Chairman and members have put in long hours at this work and when it has been found necessary for the good of a student to advise or require his withdrawal, the decision has always been reached by a number of persons trying in a human way to see all the factors in the case and to make the wisest judgment possible. Such decisions have been taken, as is right in a democracy, without fear or favor as between students of humble parentage and those whose parents have been prominent and influential in the life of the Province. To facilitate its work the Committee has collected careful records. These include not only academic records but intelligence tests, vocational plans, and a great variety of personal details. The attempt has been made to see the student as a person—as a whole—and not simply as a "mind." These records have been used in confidence and with discretion. Many able and conscientious members of the staff have at various times and for extended periods been members of the Freshman Committee. Neither the members of the Committee nor the Chairman have received monetary compensation for the arduous and often unpopular work which they have carried on for more than two decades, and the University is greatly indebted to their devotion and efficiency.

The chief recent criticism of the guidance given new students has been directed not against the Freshman Committee but against the system of advisers associated with it. Of late years these advisers have numbered about forty, each having from ten to fifteen students to counsel. It has been charged that while some advisers have been keen on the work and have done it with efficiency, a great many have not been interested, or have not been personally well suited to the work, or have been too busy with other things to perform it well, or have had students assigned to them whose interests were so different from their own fields of study that they found difficulty in giving sound advice. Many of the advisers themselves concurred in these criticisms and questioned the value of their work. It has also been alleged that the advisers were handicapped in securing the full confidence of their students because in the minds of the latter the

function of advising has been closely associated with the admonitory and disciplinary functions of the Freshman Committee.

These criticisms seem clearly to show that the advisers are the weak link in the University's system of Freshman guidance; accordingly, the most sweeping recommendations of the Report concern them. The general principle which underlies the proposed changes is that of a separation and specialization of the mixed judicial, administrative, and advisory functions hitherto performed by the Freshman Committee. The judicial function would be given to a Revisions Committee, the administrative or executive function to the Deans, and the advisory function to a group of consultants. The proposals, in detail, are as follows:

1. It is recommended that the work of the present Freshman Committee be specialized and narrowed to that of reviewing registrations and academic records, and that the Committee be re-named the "Revisions Committee for New Students." As on the Freshman Committee, all faculties should be represented. It would choose its own chairman annually, but he would be a presiding and not an executive officer. Thus organized, the Revisions Committee, like the Freshman Committee before it, would make to the Dean of each faculty recommendations with respect to the modification of registrations, the placing of students on probation, the withdrawal of students, etc. It would confer with Deans and consultants as necessary, and would have a quasi-judicial function which would be single and clear-cut and which, as with the old committee, would be carried out in a human way, taking into consideration not only academic factors but all others that might be involved.
2. The Deans would be responsible for administrative action arising out of the verdicts and recommendations of the Revisions Committee for New Students. They would naturally refer all serious cases to their respective Faculty Councils, and it would be their duty—one performed in the past by the Chairman of the Freshman Committee—to move for final action in the General Faculty Council. From them, rather than from the Registrar, the students would receive notice of such action, and with them would take place any later interviews with students or parents.
3. The advisory function, in turn, would in the main be performed by a Committee of Consultants. The term consultant is preferred to "adviser" because the taking of advice is often an unpalatable process of passive acceptance—or resistance. The term consultant, on the other hand, implies student initiative and a co-operative attack upon problems.

It is proposed that consultants should be selected from all faculties by the President and should be responsible to him. To each consultant would be assigned from twenty to thirty students. As far as possible a consultant would receive students whose field of interest bore some relation to his own. From the first day of registration it would be the task of the consultant to win the confidence and friendship of his students and, without paternalism or molly-coddling, to represent the interest of the University in them as human beings. He would help them in their problems, both academic and personal.

The Committee feels that the work of counselling is not one that can be done entirely in a formal, office environment. It should be eased and made congenial by social contacts; a consultant should therefore be given a suitable grant, as in some British universities, for purposes of entertainment.

The work of counselling is highly individualistic, varying with the personality and maturity of both consultant and student; consultants must therefore be given wide latitude in carrying out their work. As all or most of them, however, would no doubt agree on some general underlying principles and rules, and as the exchange of experience and ideas would be valuable, as well as the evolution of some community of principles and practice, the consultants themselves would be organized as a committee and

meet as often as desirable. As a recognition of the importance of their task, it is suggested that the President should act as Chairman.

4. For a long time the duties of the Chairman of the Freshman Committee have been more like those of an assistant Dean or a Dean of Freshmen than those of a mere chairman of a committee. The Report therefore recommends that the title be changed to "Director of New Students" with some modifications in the functions of the office. The Director would be responsible for the booklet of information designed for circulation among High School pupils and would be active in the promotion of contacts between the schools and the University. He would have charge of organizing the "reception" of new students and arrange a suitable program of talks to them by the President and others during the first year. He would assist the Deans in many administrative matters affecting new students and be responsible for first year registration. It would be his duty to study, preserve, organize, and keep accessible all documentary material concerning Freshmen. In a word, he would study the problem of the new student continuously and as a whole and give unity to University policies in this sphere.

The Report touches on various other topics of interest and importance which may be comprehended within the word "Guidance"—the housing of students, the continuity of records from the schools through the University, the establishment of a committee on Students of Distinction, the special problem of counselling returned men and women, methods of University instruction, extra-curricular activities, the influence of fraternities and sororities, summer employment for undergraduates and posts for graduates, and so on.

In conclusion, the Committee on Guidance wishes to thank the graduates of the University for their loyal assistance. The University of Alberta, despite its youth, has won an honorable place among the universities of the English-speaking world. It is proud of its graduates and wants them to be proud of it. Like all human institutions, however, it has imperfections. It must also continually adjust itself to the growing society that sustains it and whose need it exists to serve. In these processes of amendment and adjustment, its alumni can be of invaluable aid, for not only are they prominent in that society but they also know the University from the inside, and are thus in a strategic position to develop the most fruitful relationship between the two. For this reason, indeed, the Committee consulted the alumni on a scale on which, so far as the writer knows, no other Canadian university has ever done on a question of academic policy. The Committee sought honest criticism from any and every quarter and strove to cast as wide a net as possible for ideas of improvement. In so doing they feel sure that they represent the general spirit and policy of the Faculties and of the administrative officers of the University whose fullest co-operation they enjoyed.



Better Storks for Alberta

Mary H. Willis

In Alberta, Provincial District Nurses are posted to "outlying districts, isolated from medical, hospital and nursing care." At the head of our list of duties we find: "prenatal, maternal and infant welfare." Our book of regulations also says: "It is desirable for the nurse to hold a State Certificate in Midwifery from Great Britain or other parts of the Empire, or to have had postgraduate courses in obstetrical nursing, to equip her for the additional duties found in district nursing."

Obviously these midwifery courses are not readily accessible to an Albertan nurse, and postgraduate work in obstetrical nursing, though helpful, hardly covers the same ground. Many of us have felt our inadequacy very keenly, and the philosophical reflection that we are at least better than nothing is not much help in a moment of crisis. The Department of Public Health has shared our misgivings and has been trying for some time to provide a solution. Result: the University of Alberta's new course in Advanced Practical Obstetrics for District Nurses.

The object of this course definitely is *not* to establish a system of midwives in Alberta. On the contrary, the general practice is for all maternity cases to go to hospital. Where a doctor's or hospital's service is available, home deliveries are very rare. District nurses, however, are usually stationed in districts beyond the doctor's range, and where a trip to hospital at the onset of labour is out of the question. If a doctor is needed our only course is to take the patient out to him, which is often difficult, occasionally impossible. Therefore in our obstetrics we do not attempt to take any case which does not promise to be reasonably normal and straightforward. The mother must report to us early in pregnancy and come regularly for prenatal care. Only under these conditions do we take responsibility for delivering her.

Our offices are equipped so that we can do pelvimetry and urinalysis, and record weight and blood-pressure. If the mother's measurements and weight-gain are satisfactory; if her blood-pressure has remained steady or responded to treatment; if the foetus appears to be in a normal position and the mother in good general health, and if she has no history of previous intrapartum troubles (severe hemorrhage, adherent placenta, and so on), we agree to take the case. If we are in any doubt we send her out for a doctor's examination, or tell her definitely that she must go to the hospital for her confinement. (This usually means that she has to go out before the baby is quite due and stay with friends or in hospital until the event, as distances, road conditions, and means of travel make it unsafe to wait until the last minute.) If we agree to take the case we try to visit the home some time beforehand, to look the scene over.

We try to be as self-sufficient as possible, for experience teaches us that we can expect to find very little in the way of preparation or equipment in the home. Our maternity bag contains a simple but adequate set-up. Our only anaesthetic is a few whiffs of chloroform—ether is considered too explosive to use near lamps or wood stoves. The home conditions are often

primitive—perhaps a one-roomed shack with (or without!) a sheet pinned over a pole to provide some privacy. Our table is often the family sewing-machine, or it may be a chair or apple-box. On the whole, we think that in our home deliveries labour tends to be rather shorter and the baby livelier than where more sedative is given. Our mothers are usually co-operative and take things calmly and for the most part everything goes off satisfactorily.

But alas, sometimes the unexpected happens—hemorrhage, a placenta that doesn't come, or a baby with unorthodox notions about how to rotate its head—any one of a dozen things. This is where knowledge counts. If radical measures seem indicated, in what circumstances is one justified in attempting them? How long is it safe to wait? Which is going to be the greater risk to the patient—a long rough trip to hospital or, say, a manual removal of the placenta by the nurse? Is there reasonable likelihood of the baby's having better second thoughts in the matter of rotation? Can one do anything about it, or it is a case of hospital, *stat*, be the mud never so deep or the snow so blizzardily.

It was to find answers to such questions as these that four of us assembled in Edmonton last September to register for the University of Alberta's new course, thrilled to find ourselves participating in a pioneer enterprise, and upheld more prosaically by a prospect of bursaries. The class was intentionally kept small, to give each of us as much practical work as possible. All four of us were on the District Nursing staff of the Department of Public Health. Our obstetrical experience ranged all the way from that of A—who had delivered some two hundred babies, many of them in the African bush, to D—whose experience was about nil, and who had had very little obstetrics in her training. The course was planned to provide instruction and clinical experience in antepartum, delivery and postpartum care of pregnant women. Our tutor and mentor was a former district nurse, who holds the certificate conferred by the Central Midwives Board for Scotland. We had a series of lectures from the professor of obstetrics and gynaecology in the University of Alberta, mannikin practice with his assistant, and several lectures on the care of new-born and premature infants given by the professor of paediatrics. As much observation as we could manage was afforded by the two co-operating hospitals. This programme occupied two months.

The third month was spent in the field, getting practical experience. This part of the course probably provided the organizers with their worst headaches. The ideal would be to take as many home deliveries as possible under supervision—but where to find the babies, and how to persuade them to arrive on schedule? One institution was very helpful in co-operating, but could not provide enough cases for us all. There were not many districts with enough babies expected that month to assure a student good experience. We did, however, manage to collect enough cases to feel satisfied with this part of the course, although a few more would not have come amiss. This difficulty might be alleviated if some of the rural hospitals became interested and arranged to give students taking the course this very necessary experience.

The scope of the course was wide but essentially practical. We studied prenatal care in considerable detail and had good experience in pelvimetry and abdominal palpation at the hospitals. We were afraid at first that the patients-in-waiting might not like "being practised on," but it turned out that most of them were feeling quite bored and enjoyed the diversion. The doctor who lectured to us also allowed us to attend his office examinations, a week at a time, which gave us wonderful experience we could not have got in any other way. We studied pelvic anatomy and measurements in some detail and gave a good deal of time to mechanisms and technique of delivery. Our aim is to preserve the perineum, avoiding lacerations as far as possible, but should these occur we must know how to do a suitable repair. We planned a simple routine for post-partum care—usually we are only able to make one or two return visits. Since we also expect our patients to come to us for a sixth-week check-up, we went carefully into the question of what we should look for, and the necessary treatment and advice.

Besides all this normal care, we also studied a number of abnormal conditions, with the possible treatments—not with the intention of using this knowledge if a better alternative were available, but so that in desperate circumstances desperate remedies could at least be attempted. One member of our class, for instance, is stationed in a district bounded by a river which, if it is high and logs are coming down, is sometimes uncrossable for days, leaving the district completely isolated, as it has not even a telephone. The chances that this extreme condition of both the river and the patient might coincide, while not great, are entirely possible, so how much better it would be for the nurse to be able to meet the situation competently.

Besides recognizing the abnormal, it is also very comforting to be able to recognize the normal—looking back one remembers various times when this knowledge would have saved needless worry. It means a great deal to the nurse herself as well as to her patient if she can say with conviction: "Everything is coming along all right."

It is interesting to see how our practice necessarily differs from that of certificated midwives (C.M.B.) working in the British Isles. *They* have a book of definite rules: "If so-and-so has been going on for such-and-such a time, when you have done this-and-that—call the doctor!" *We* are threatening to write an equivalent tome to suit the Alberta District Nurse, somewhat as follows: "When you have done such-and-such and so-and-so keeps on happening (or not happening) try this—if no success, try that—if still no success, and if the logs are blocking the river or the ice is too thin, attempt what-have-you—but if the road is open as far as what-you-may-call-it, and you think you can borrow a fresh team at who's-its . . . etc., etc."

No course can equip us with ready-made rules for all contingencies (what to do, for instance, when at the moment of delivery you turn to your table for an instrument and find a kitten, of whose existence you were previously unaware, intimately inspecting your sterile set-up, or when, in "the season of the year," the errant caterpillar, slowly paying out his rope, descends from the ceiling with stately deliberation in the most unsuitable of places) though it may help to solve correctly the problem which

once faced one of our number when two expectant fathers arrived simultaneously on the same errand, from opposite directions, and she opened the door just in time to prevent a fight.

To say that we found the course "interesting and instructive" is inadequate. We found it absorbing. We lived, talked and dreamed obstetrics for three months. We had no idea there was so much to learn. Certainly we went back to our districts better equipped and with better-founded confidence. Our chief anxiety now is that we may not have enough practice to keep memory bright. So, if you peep through the curtains of some lonely district nurse's cottage, in bush or prairie, and see her earnestly engaged in wiggling a contorted rag-doll through a stove-pipe "elbow," murmuring the magic words: "descent is continuous . . . as soon as the head meets with sufficient resistance there is a movement of increased flexion . . . mutter mutter mutter . . ." you will recognize a graduate of the University of Alberta's Advanced Course in Practical Obstetrics keeping herself in fighting trim.

Alberta's Correspondence School

By E. N. Thompson

"During the first few days of my correspondence course I liked it very well. Then I met a few hard spots and my attitude changed completely. Now I have got onto it, and I am enjoying it very much. My marks are encouraging, and I have an extra nice teacher."

This note from a correspondence pupil in Grade VII expresses the feeling of many students in the Correspondence School Branch of the Department of Education. The Correspondence School has grown since its beginning in 1923 from a school employing one teacher, Mrs. G. W. Sievwright, giving instruction in Grades I to VIII, to a school employing seven teachers for I to VI, six teachers for VII to IX, and twenty-four teachers for X to XII, plus a clerical staff of twenty. All the Grade IX and high school teachers have degrees, and all are experienced and qualified teachers.

A grade VIII pupil writes: "I am supposed to write you a letter of appreciation, but I do not know how to start it, how to end it, or what to put in the middle. Sometimes I think 'tis slow progress doing school work by correspondence, and I would rather take my .22 and dog team, and go into the bush to shoot squirrels. However, I am still sticking to my desk these sunny days, and I suppose I will be for some time to come. I want you to know I appreciate your efforts to help me." This boy lives many miles west of Rocky Mountain House, in a district where there is no school organized. Another pupil, a girl who had been sent for some years to a school for the deaf in Montreal, began lessons with the Correspondence School at her home in the foothills. "Big Chief Mountain is almost south of us," she writes, "and as I sit doing my lessons, I can look out of our south windows and see Big Chief standing as if on guard. I love the

mountains and my Mountain View home. I am very happy to be home this winter. When I was away at school, I longed to see the mountains again. I hope I shall always live where I can see mountains." From a sanitarium a girl sends this note with a lesson: "I wonder if I may be excused this assignment (on observations of animal life)? The only life I would be able to observe is that of the birds, and not very much of them."

Excerpts from such letters show some of the reasons for students having to take their schooling by correspondence. Then, too, the Correspondence School is able to help out those students whose schools are closed because of the shortage of teachers. In grades VII and VIII alone, there have been 103 students from closed schools, out of a total registration of 226 in the past year. Again, in all grades from elementary to high school levels, there are adult students who are making up the schooling which they have missed. In the high school grades, many are taking some work at school and some by correspondence. The Department of Education has adopted this plan, so that the teaching load for rural high school teachers may not be too heavy, and so that the pupil may make good progress toward his high school diploma, in schools where a full high school program is not offered.

A correspondence student sent the following, to be included in *The Correspondent*, the periodical by and for the students: "This paper would not be complete without a few lines of appreciation of our teachers. The task of marking the lessons for so many unseen and practically unknown pupils must become monotonous at times, yet this work is painstakingly done." Possibly the pupils themselves, and certainly teachers who are not instructors in the Correspondence School, tend to overestimate the monotony of the task of correcting students' lessons sent in by mail. In the correcting of each lesson there is usually some question arising which must be answered for that person alone. In this lies the interest for the instructor. It is not long before the teachers know their students very well. Then the work of the instructors is varied in other ways. They prepare the courses of lessons in every subject, from Algebra 2 to Needlework 1, and from Grade I reading to Grade XII Survey of English Literature. The Correspondence School Branch is responsible for a number of radio broadcasts. French may not be taken by correspondence unless the student is able to hear the French broadcasts. *These Make History* and *Choose Your World*, regularly broadcast over CKUA, have been two popular series of radio talks for correspondence students. The *Correspondent* and *Intermediate Newspaper* are prepared two or three times a year from contributions of the pupils.

After the war, when the teacher shortage is over, there will probably be a reduction in the number of correspondence students whose needs can then be met in the classroom. But we expect a greatly increased enrolment among adults, chiefly returned men and women who may prefer to take lessons by correspondence while they are working, rather than enter the classroom again, in order to complete their university entrance. The Correspondence School Branch hopes to be able to meet such emergencies and thus continue its record of service.

Farm Electrification in Alberta

By Andrew Stewart

There is evidence of keen interest in the possibility of taking electric power to Alberta farms. More than a year ago, the Research Council of Alberta was asked to undertake, on behalf of the Provincial Government, a study of this problem. By the time this enquiry got under way, it was found that the power companies had already made field surveys in their territories, and that their engineers had developed specifications for low-cost rural distribution lines. During last winter resolutions calling for either investigation or action were passed at various conferences of farmers' organizations and of political parties. At the annual meeting of the Canadian Electrical Association (Western Conference), a large part of the time was taken up in discussing the farm market for power and for electrical appliances. But as the chairman of one of the sessions remarked, "Never have so many electrical men been so interested in so many customers with so few dollars." It is apparently the intention that the Power Commission, established at the last session of the Alberta Legislature, should concern itself with the expansion of farm electrification.

This general interest in the electrification of Alberta farms reflects concern over the marked disparity between living conditions on farms and in towns and cities. The more densely settled portions of the Province are served by well-developed transmission systems; and local plants operate in most centres distant from transmission lines. In 1942 there were only 19 incorporated places (villages) without electric energy, and 126 incorporated hamlets were served with power. On the other hand, the census of 1941 reported only 5.5% of the farms in the Province electrified. Of the, roughly, 5,500 farms, about 500 had central station power; the remainder had individual farm plants, either wind- or gasoline-driven. With few exceptions, therefore, farm homes lack the conveniences which urban dwellers take for granted; and it is the general experience that, when energy is supplied to farms, domestic appliances are installed first. For example, in Ontario, apart from lights which are found on all electrified farms, there are only four appliances in use on more than 50% of the farms connected to the Hydro systems, namely, the hand iron, radio, washer, and toaster. The pump is the only outside appliance found on more than 10% of the farms.

The reasons for the small proportion of farms electrified in Alberta include the low density of potential users, the variability and uncertainty of farm incomes, and the small anticipated consumption per farm. Township surveys, distributed over the more densely settled portions of the Province, and covering over 1,500 farms, provided an over-all estimate of 1.35 probable customers per mile of distribution line. In Ontario, the average is 3.5 farm users per mile, plus 3.0 hamlet customers. Between 1926 and 1937, the estimated average net cash income of Alberta farms ranged from about \$1,500 in 1928 to less than \$200 in 1932. Consumption per farm is difficult to estimate. Alberta farms at present served with energy cannot be taken as typical farm users; and the evidence from elsewhere shows marked local differences. For example, farms served by

Shawinigan Power Company in Quebec have an average consumption of less than 400 kwhr. per year; in Ontario, the average farm consumption is around 1,700 kwhr. If 30,000 farms in Alberta were to average 750 kwhr., this would increase the consumption of power in the Province by less than 7%.

Estimates of the cost of constructing rural distribution lines have declined, largely as the result of the efforts of power engineers to devise a low-cost type of line suitable for farm service. The type of construction proposed for the rural areas of Alberta is similar to that used by the Rural Electrification Administration in the United States and by the Hydro Commission of Ontario. Estimates have been based on the use of a 6,900 volt, single phase line. Power would be taken from existing high voltage transmission lines and stepped down to 6,900 volts. For this a 50 K.V.A. transformer would be used, and might be expected to serve about 100 customers. A 1.5 or 3.0 K.V.A. transformer installed at the farm would deliver electricity at 115-230 volts to the customer.

On the evidence of the township surveys, and with prices as at 1943, it is estimated that 30,000 farms within 12 miles of existing transmission lines could be supplied with central station power at an average cost of \$600 per farm. This would cover all construction costs to, and including, the meter at the farm buildings. The farmer would have to wire his buildings and purchase appliances. The cost of wiring buildings has been estimated at \$150 per farm. With an expenditure of about \$300 per farm for appliances, the average total investment would be somewhat more than \$1,000 per farm.

The Research Council originally assigned its enquiry to Prof. Wilfred Cornish, who on recovering from his first illness assisted generously in planning the study and in getting it under way. After his untimely death, W. I. McFarland of the City of Edmonton Power Plant, one of our own graduates, was associated with the study. Other graduates of the University, now with Calgary Power Company and Canadian Utilities Limited, contributed largely to the completion of the report which was presented to the Research Council this spring. It is a pleasure to acknowledge their part in the project.



Art in Alberta

By Margaret D. Shelton

Is there a future for art, and artists, in Alberta? Yes, there is. Those who complain that there are no opportunities are thinking only of mundane considerations which do not count. Certainly the lack of financial opportunities is a detriment, certainly this is a new country and there are few opportunities—there are disadvantages. But in spite of the anomalies produced by the depression, one has as good a chance of getting three square meals a day without doing eight hours work for it in Alberta as anywhere else on earth, and that is all that is needed. The real question, where graphic art is concerned, is, what is there for us to paint? The answer—on the shield of the province—prairie and mountains, leaves nothing to be desired.

Artistic production is the result of the reaction of man to his environment. While dreary and unlovely surroundings tend to depress man towards the level of the beast, a countryside loved by its inhabitants will inspire them to artistic effort. If some farm kid loves to lie and watch clouds scurrying across a wide blue sky, if he senses the pattern of the stripy hills of alternate grain and fallow, with the cattle going down from the barn to the slough to drink on a hot day, if he looks away west to the foothills rising layer on blue layer to the bright peaks above—he or his brother, sister or classmate, will paint those things.

Alberta is favored by the gods in her western wall. The mountains are a Mecca to painters all over this continent, and beyond. They have brought English painters, such as the R.A., Leonard Richmond, years ago, and many Eastern Canadians and Americans. For years Belmore Brown and Carl Rungius made their summer homes in Banff. Compared with those who make long journeys to the mountains, how lucky is the native, a day's journey away. As the prairie has a characteristic all its own, and an everlasting appeal for those bred there, and as the Rockies have an appeal for all humanity, so Albertans will paint.

Only some of Alberta has passed the pioneer stage. Pushing back the frontier was a full time job for rough, strong men who, by their sweat, laid the foundations of the west—and life is easier and pleasanter for us, their children. We have time to look around and enjoy ourselves, to cultivate wider interests and enlarge our minds.

Among our many and varied leisure occupations, an interest in art has appeared, develops from year to year, and will go on doing so. There are art clubs well established in the cities, whose members meet to work, and hold exhibitions to show their work to the interested public in their own and other centres. These clubs are not particularly exclusive—usually just the opposite. They are very ready to encourage prospective members and help them with their work. Country people are invited to send work in for exhibitions, or to turn up at any occasional meeting to discuss it and share the refreshments. Memberships fees are small, and little stressed.

Societies of eastern painters are glad to have us send paintings to their shows. This means the possibility of attracting wider attention, but it also

means paying the freight, with the result that very many Albertans depend on local shows alone.

The National Gallery sends exhibitions across the country, so many every year, which can be shown in any community for their share of the freight. These are an inestimable help to native Albertans who cannot go to Galleries to look at Old Masters—but it is a privilege unfortunately restricted at the moment to large cities. For years the University has shown these collections to Edmonton, but they went through Calgary unpacked because of a lack of a suitable gallery. Recently the war forced the removal of the Institute of Technology and Art from its building on the North Hill, and deposited the art department in an old millionaire's residence in Mount Royal. This palatial establishment provided room for exhibitions, so the Calgary clubs found the money, and arranged to show the National Gallery collections. Some eastern pictures are shown in Banff during the summer school session. Excellent so far, but we have to go a lot further.

Interest in painting is undoubted. It is becoming more widespread as exhibitions travel more, as education and publicity take their toll of frontier ignorance. True, many of those whose paintings appear in local exhibitions earn their living otherwise and paint in their spare time. Many of them got their training elsewhere. Alberta can be very grateful to those who, largely for their own amusement, of course, have organized facilities where there were none, and are ready to assist the ambitious native who would like to make painting his life work.

Such an one can get his education here. The Department of Education has fortunately been able to build up a proficient, well equipped art school in Calgary. There is always one, and usually two distinguished English artists on the staff, and the Banff school regularly imports a well-known Eastern Canadian. The schools owe the men they can get as masters to the proximity of the mountains. When the C.P.R. brought A. C. Leighton out from England to paint the Rockies for tourist advertisements, they were far more public spirited than they knew, because this painter elected to stay, and he made a worth-while and useful establishment of the then barely existent Art Department of the Provincial Institute of Technology and Art in Calgary. After teaching there for several years, Mr. Leighton took picked students to a ranch out of Kananaskis, to instruct them in painting landscape subjects which could not be found around the city during the session. The idea seemed good to the powers that be. Under the auspices of the Department of Extension of the University, the Banff School of Fine Arts was opened in 1935, with courses in drama, music, folk dancing, and handicrafts allied to the original outdoor sketching of the Kananaskis river classes. The cultural value of this institution to the community has since increased like the proverbial snowball.

Considering the financial position of most Alberta farmers, it is as well that local facilities for training have been established. Most of an artist's training is up to himself—not where he studies but how—not by whom he is taught, but how he will learn; briefly, in what degree he possesses the "infinite capacity for taking pains." In some creative fields, this new west exports its talent—the prospective actor, playwright and



"Sylvan Phantasy"

Margaret D. Shelton



"Barn at Lomond"

Margaret D. Shelton

prima ballerina must follow their careers thousands of miles away—a credit to their place of birth doubtless, but not adding much to its artistic life. But our painters, on the whole, will stay here. A countryside which draws men from afar will hold its native sons. Few temperate climates offer better weather for outdoor painting than southern Alberta, and no one brought up under our bright sun really wants to exchange it for the watery substitute served up on either coast.

Here is plenty of work for the artist for generations to come. That man paints a scene best who knows it best, and as the country grows older, canvases by those bred on the spot will outnumber and overshadow those by visitors and immigrants. Some grimy and well patched youngster, now drawing horses in the back of his reader, or carving the likeness of that beloved quadruped on his desk, will paint baldheaded prairie, and range cattle, and cowboys far better than any city dweller driving out into the country in the afternoon.

There is plenty of work for the artist here—plenty of variety. There are miles of open prairie-farms which tell the story of a generation's hard and successful labor, and outstanding examples of desert and dustbowl. In the bush country, log barns weathered till they shine like platinum in the sun have been painted and will be painted as long as they stand and are not replaced by erections of dressed lumber painted red.

Industrial plants offer opportunities which artists are inclined to neglect in favor of more romantic subjects. Some day, some one will see, and prove, that the derricks of Turner Valley, silhouetted tall and black against the sky, provide as good a subject for the etcher's needle as the yards and masts of vanished windships. Large round aluminum-painted oil storage tanks can be things of beauty in a watercolor painting which gives the beholder their gleaming perfect contours without their ethereal perfume. The familiar landmark, the elevator, is not neglected, for obvious reasons. The author has spent summer after summer around coal mines, not from any particular affection for getting black, but because dilapidated buildings and ancient machinery offer as good training in draughtsmanship as anything else.

Best of all there are the Rockies. Away from the dusty winds of the prairie, and the bustle of crowded cities, working in the mountains is a pleasure, and when an artist most enjoys himself he paints his best pictures. The high ranges with their clean air and illimitable distances present the most tantalizing, the most puzzling, the most inspiring subjects there are. But the very difficulty of painting them means all the greater triumph to the man who is lucky enough to accomplish a fraction of what he desires, who has put down anything at all representative of the fleeting effects of cloud and shadow racing along the peaks, captured any vestige of the myriad changing aspects of nature.

The past has brought artists among our immigrants; the present sees earnest activity amongst us; the future will see a great deal more. Compared with the rest of the world, we are a well nourished people, and art always follows a full dinner pail. We are a pleasure loving people, and the pursuit and the practice of art is the acme of human enjoyment. Blood of pioneers runs in our veins, and we are fortunate in so far as we inherit

their capacity to dream a dream and to gamble everything on making that dream come true.

Art is a way of life before it is a way of earning a living; and though the latter can be an everlasting nuisance, the former, with all the advantages that nature offers us here, is an everlasting joy. Not, of course, if you start at twenty to worry over the prospects of a penniless old age—but "Safety first" is a coward's motto—it did not open up this country, it did not bring Columbus to America, nor the Company of Gentleman Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay, nor your father nor mine from Europe. "Stake everything on one throw of the dice" was more like, and this generation has not forgotten.

The Northland Echo

By J. A. Allan

Almost everyone knows what is meant by the "call of the north," or distant fields seem greener, or the call of the camp cook on a survey party—come and get it—but possibly fewer contemplate the echo or the result of that "call," or maybe the effect of the soggy baking powder biscuits prepared by the amateurish camp cook. Probably the reader of these notes—if they are read—will decide that the inference in this title is already contemplated.

I do not wish to be classed with a professor who has been defined as a man whose job it is to tell students how to solve the problems of life which he himself has tried to avoid by becoming a professor. Not all those who write on the northland today, are authorities on the land about which they write. However, I have spent more than a few days down north during the past thirty-two years, which seems to be all that is required to become an authority on the mysteries of the north, or on what the north means to the Canada of the future. I claim to be more familiar with the geography of the north than the writer in a well known magazine a few weeks ago, who referred to the Fort Norman oil field as being located "100 miles south of the Arctic." The southern boundary of the Arctic is indefinite and beyond description. Possibly the Arctic Circle was meant in the geographic reference, which is on north latitude 66 degrees and 33 minutes.

Nor do I wish to assume the role of the statistician in referring to the northland—this would be an easy course to follow, but statistics are lifeless dry things. Someone has defined the statistician as the man who draws a mathematically precise line from an unwarranted assumption to a foregone conclusion.

Fourteen years ago one could have written freely on our northland without much fear of criticism, because very few knew the north and few had even visited the north beyond Edmonton or possibly Peace River. Today many from all parts of this continent and even from the British Isles, have far more than a nodding acquaintance with the wonders within the northern fringe of Canada.

One might rightly enquire, what or where is this Canadian northland? In the geographical position of Alberta until a few years ago, the northland extended from the vicinity of Edmonton to the North Pole. The "Empire of the North" is a term frequently applied to the great northland of Canada, lying chiefly north of latitude 54 degrees and especially to that part north of central Alberta and drained by the Mackenzie river. With the opening up of the north by aerial transportation, and in the past two years by the Alaska Highway, this "Empire" now extends to Hudson's Bay on the east and Alaska on the west.

In these days of rapid air transportation there are no remote places on the earth and especially in our northland. Perhaps we should revert to the Indian method of describing distance by suns or days of travel instead of by miles. One can leave Montreal in the evening, have breakfast in Lethbridge, lunch in McMurray, supper at Fort Norman oil field or on Great Bear lake, and reach the Arctic coast before sunset or midnight, because there is no darkness "down north" during June and July. In 1789 Alexander Mackenzie had 41 days of travel from Fort Chipewyan on the west end of Lake Athabaska, to the mouth of the Mackenzie river. He made the return trip against the current in 61 days, or 102 days to make the complete journey. In 1937 I made a trip from Edmonton to the Arctic ocean at Coronation Gulf and return by aeroplane. Our flying time was only twenty-nine hours and the distance covered was 2,800 miles. All the mining centres in the north were visited. In spite of some bad weather and a forced landing at the east end of Great Slave lake, I was absent from Edmonton only ten days. By the way, Coronation Gulf at the mouth of Coppermine river, is about 1,140 miles due north from Lake Wabamun.

The general slope of the northland is to the north, which explains the term "down north." The drainage is into the Arctic ocean and is included in the Mackenzie River basin and other smaller drainage systems. The height of land to this northward drainage occurs about 40 miles north of Edmonton, at an elevation of about 2,300 feet above sea level. As the straight line distance from this height of land to the mouth of the Mackenzie is 1,240 miles, there is an average slope of about two feet to the mile. The most southerly point in this drainage is at Sunwapta Pass (elevation 6,776 feet) on the Jasper-Banff highway at the head of the Athabaska river drainage, 65 miles southeast of the town of Jasper. (Please note that the correct and official spelling is *Athabaska* according to the Geographic Board of Canada, and not "ca.")

The Mackenzie basin includes one-sixth of the entire area of Canada. The shape of the basin is triangular, with the apex at the mouth of the river on the Arctic coast. This basin is large enough to hold the entire provinces of British Columbia, Alberta, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick—and there would be room for two-thirds of Lake Superior. The mouth of the Mackenzie is nine hundred miles farther west than Edmonton. Aklavik, at the mouth of the Mackenzie, is as far north in Canada as Murmansk in Russia and Petsamo at the north tip of Finland. An Eskimo standing at the mouth of the Mackenzie river and looking due south, would have his line of vision pass down the Pacific ocean about 240 miles west of Vancouver.

These facts are cited to draw attention to the expansive area of the northland in general and the Mackenzie basin in particular, which must be of interest to every Canadian who ponders on the future development of the Dominion of Canada, and of the latent resources within this area.

It is thirty-two years since I made my first geological studies in the southern part of the Mackenzie basin, and it is twenty-five years since I was privileged to make my first trip down north into the Northwest Territories north of Alberta.

The Mackenzie river was discovered and explored by Alexander Mackenzie in 1789, or 155 years ago. The Peace and Athabaska rivers were known to the white man about 1776. Many other well known names are connected with the pioneer exploration of this northland, among them Hearne, Franklin, Richardson, Thomas Simpson, Finlay, Fraser and Thompson. With the exception of the fur trade, the northland lay dormant until 1920 when oil was discovered at Fort Norman.

Mineral development in the north is of recent date but it has been rapid. It is true Samuel Hearne discovered native copper on Coppermine river in 1771, near Bloody Falls where a tribe of Indians with Hearne massacred every man, woman and child of a tribe of Eskimo, and where Fathers Rouvier and LeRoux were murdered in 1931 by two Eskimo. During the trek to the Klondike in 1898-90 placer gold was reported on the Liard river. In 1920 the Northwest Company, subsidiary of the Imperial Oil Company, drilled a test well and discovered a good grade of oil on the east bank of the Mackenzie river, fifty miles northwest of Fort Norman where indications of petroleum had been recorded by R. G. McConnell in 1888 and where the occurrence of oil seepages had been noted by Franklin almost a century before the first well was drilled. In 1928 a small lead-zinc deposit was opened up on the south shore of Great Slave lake.

Pioneer geological investigations which led to later mineral discoveries, were carried out in the Mackenzie basin by R. G. McConnell and in 1900 by J. Macintosh Bell and Dr. Charles Camsell, now Deputy Minister, Department of Mines and Resources, who drew attention to mineralization at the east end of Great Bear lake, near the spot where Gilbert Labine discovered pitchblende in May, 1930. It is correct to say that the discovery of petroleum at Norman in 1920 and especially the discovery of radium-bearing pitchblende at Labine Point on Great Bear lake in 1930, initiated the first call to the north for mineral development in the Northwest Territories.

The mineral development in the past 14 years has been both rapid and spectacular. The Eldorado radium mine was opened in 1932, thirty miles south of the Arctic Circle, and is still producing the highest grade radium-bearing pitchblende ore on the earth. The mining of this high grade ore has reduced the price of radium from \$75,000 per gram to about \$25,000 per gram. The Yellowknife gold deposits were discovered on the east side of the north arm of Great Slave lake. At the beginning of the war five properties were in operation, employing about 550 men and milling about 650 tons of gold ore daily. During the past year the shortage of labour stopped production at all except the Negus mine. Some development work

has been carried on at the Con mine. This temporary suspension of activity does not suggest that the mineral deposits have become depleted. At the present time (June) there are about 160 men employed in the Yellowknife area. There is no doubt that within the first post-war years, there will be over one thousand and possibly nearer two thousand men employed in this area alone, with the reopening of the mines and development of new ones. Farther south on the north shore of Lake Athabaska, gold deposits were discovered, and the town of Goldfields grew up 120 miles east of Fort Chipewyan in Saskatchewan. The Box mine was opened and a mill and hydro-electric power site developed. The first gold brick from this mine was poured on August 15th, 1939, valued at \$39,000. The Athona gold mine was opened within a mile of the Box mine at Goldfields. Operations on these gold deposits have been suspended under present conditions.

It is only 14 years since the call to the north was sounded through the discovery of rich radium deposits and only 10 years since the Yellowknife goldfield was proven up. Minerals to the value of almost twenty million dollars have been produced to date from the Mackenzie basin north of latitude 60 degrees, and since the start of gold production at Yellowknife in 1933, about fourteen million dollars have been produced.

Where does the "echo" from this "call" come in? The area of the Mackenzie basin is large—one sixth the entire area of Canada; the occurrence of important deposits of various minerals has been proven; only an infinitesimally small part of the entire area has been examined geologically; access is no longer difficult, transportation facilities have greatly improved as to type and speed; the variety of minerals discovered is large; the post-war demand for these minerals will be greater than at present. The wide open spaces are there for the vast post-war numbers of men who have a bent for prospecting, for geological investigation and for mining. There will be a demand for the large numbers of other technical and non-technical men who are equally as necessary and important as the mining men, in opening up the mines and in developing this north country.

The mineral occurrences with economic potentialities discovered and investigated within the past four years by less than a dozen geologists and prospectors, are now recorded as more than a score and include besides pitchblende, gold, silver, copper, nickel, such rare or strategic minerals as scheelite and other tungsten minerals, tin, tantalite, columbite, molybdenite, beryl, lithium, andalusite, spodumene and manganese. Other semi-precious gems known to occur in the Yellowknife area include sapphire, chiastolite, jade, dichroite, etc. These minerals are all associated with the older Precambrian rocks in the Canadian Shield and may be very important under post-war conditions.

Within the younger rocks underlying the Mackenzie basin west and south of the Precambrian Shield, important deposits proven to date include petroleum, bituminous sand, coal, salt and gypsum. Since 1942 the Canol Project, a military undertaking, has brought about the development of the Norman Wells oil field, 90 miles south of the Arctic Circle and 1,200 miles by water route from Waterways, Alberta, the end of the railway. Oil from this field is now carried across the Mackenzie mountains by pipe

line to the refinery at Whitehorse, Yukon, a distance of 400 miles. Two months ago Dr. J. S. Stewart, Liaison Officer for the Federal Department of Mines and Resources at Fort Norman, stated, "We have the essentials for potential oil fields covering an area of over 1,000 miles in length." The possibilities of petroleum and other mineral development in the north have not yet been exhausted by any means. The call to find more and yet other varieties of mineral wealth, is clear.

The extensive deposits of bituminous sand, also referred to as "tar sands," exposed along the Athabaska river in the vicinity of McMurray, are estimated to contain hundreds of millions of barrels of potential oil. Developments to extract this oil from the sand are under way. At Waterways, 300 miles north of Edmonton, a deposit containing at least three hundred million tons of high grade rock salt, has been proven by drilling and salt is now being produced.

Near the mouth of Peace River, rock exposures indicate the presence of over four hundred million tons of high grade gypsum. We have investigated another deposit of gypsum almost as large, towards the south end of the Mackenzie basin at the north boundary of Jasper Park.

Anyone competent to express an opinion, would say that there are other vast mineral deposits hidden in this northland tributary to Alberta, and awaiting discovery. In addition there is a vast new territory tributary to the Alaska Highway on the west side of the Mackenzie basin in which the potential mineral resources are unknown, but the occurrence of various important minerals has been recorded.

Until a country has been mapped geologically, it is not possible to prospect it efficiently. All the mineral and petroleum development in the northland, has been within a few square miles of area. In the Yellowknife district alone, Dr. A. W. Jolliffe of the Geological Survey states that there are 2,000 square miles of potential gold prospecting ground and yet detailed prospecting to date has been limited to less than 50 square miles. Only a very small part of the north has been surveyed geologically. Hundreds of thousands of square miles of area with potential mineral deposits, have not yet been examined by anyone. The need for an accelerated program of mapping and geological surveying, is imminent and urgent. Within the past two months the Chief Geologist of the Geological Survey of Canada stated that only about 11 per cent of the whole of Canada has been mapped geologically on a scale to afford mineral prospecting, during the last 100 years since the Geological Survey of Canada was organized. Less than five per cent of the total area of the Mackenzie basin has yet been investigated and mapped by the geologist. This means that we have little or no information concerning the natural wealth of ninety-five per cent of this vast area.

The development of the hidden resources in the north will depend upon the speed with which the vast areas are mapped, followed by the geologist to outline the most likely areas for prospecting, who in turn, is followed by the army of prospectors distributed thoughtfully throughout the areas mapped. When a prospect is located, the geologist must return to investigate geological details and to determine the extent and potential importance of the mineral deposit. The final stage is the opening up of the deposit and the extraction of the metal or minerals from the rock.

Such a program requires thoughtful planning, followed by men and money to carry out the development work. In the future the search for new mineral wealth will be speeded up by the expanded use of the aeroplane for aerial mapping, for the transportation of men and supplies, and possibly for the transportation of ore and mineral concentrates from more remote spots to milling centres.

I have dealt only with the mineral potentialities in this great northland. Other forms of natural wealth, still untapped, occur but may be more restricted than mineral reserves. In visualizing the north of the future, one must consider the wild life resources and those of the forest and soil. Truly the north was opened on the fur trade, the oldest industry, extending back more than a century and a half. This industry is not depleted; in fact through proper conservation methods, it may become expanded. Fish and game so essential to the human population of the north, offer wide opportunities for future development within the Northwest Territories. The forests are widespread but the limits of utility in the future development can only be determined when surveys and research have produced the data. The agricultural resources, except along the southern margin of the Mackenzie basin in the Peace River district, are considered to be of minor extent though locally important. Finally, the human population of the northland will depend largely on the future mineral development. Temporary centres of population in mining districts within the Precambrian Shield can be anticipated. It is doubtful if a large permanent population will be maintained in this vast area, except possibly around oil fields or in island-like areas along the rivers where the soil and climate are more favorable.

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THE NEW TRAIL

A Quarterly Report of Campus Activities

An official publication of the University of Alberta and its Alumni Association. Any person interested in the University may subscribe at the rate of one dollar a year.

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On Growing Old

I feel myself growing old now and then, but whenever I have thought of you, it has been of a wild rebel. I hope you are not losing that character. There was just one phrase in your letter that worried me and gives rise to this comment. It is, "This University can stand legitimate criticism better than most; it even welcomes criticism." I don't believe it for a moment.

If Ponce de Leon were to tie a rope around his precious fountain of youth and drag it into our back yard, we would not taste a drop of it. Why should we! However delightful youth may be as a spectacle, seen in others, it is at best a distressful business; and certainly to those who were young when the last war blasted the world and who drank the dregs of their youth in the era of futility and disillusionment, youth has no such golden values as "buried once, men want dug up again." And "wild rebel" is certainly an equally wild estimate of our character. Nevertheless, the lash cut to the quick; we felt the hurt of it, still feel it a year later. For it is never words that really hurt, never meaning, but tone. The tone and the implication that we are settling into supine complacency, that a voice that might once rage against injustice and wrong is now content with idle yammering. But what is the issue? Let us see.

"This University can stand legitimate criticism better than most." That, it must be granted, is largely a matter of opinion. Not uninformed opinion, however, when expressed by one who has spent a quarter of a century inside universities, not counting undergraduate days, and in universities widely scattered and fairly numerous. Not uninformed opinion when expressed by one who has been interested in universities of the old and new worlds and has visited many. But the witness is willing to let his character, and consequently his testimony, be impugned; he is growing old—Allah be praised!

"It even welcomes criticism." This, on the other hand, is not a question of opinion; it is a question of fact.

In the year 1941, the Provincial Government appointed a committee under the chairmanship of President Newton to investigate possible improvements in the University. That Survey Committee naturally considered recommendations made by members of the University itself, but it also asked through the newspapers and radio for comments, criticisms, and suggestions from outside the University. It received formal submissions from:

The Alberta Association of Registered Nurses,
The Alberta Co-operative Wholesale Association Limited,
The Calgary Board of Trade,
The Edmonton Chamber of Commerce,
The United Farmers of Canada, Alberta Section,
The Wawanesa Insurance Company,

and from twenty-three other organizations and individuals. It held public hearings in Calgary and Edmonton, "of which advance notice was given through the press," and to which any person might come and offer advice, opinion, suggestion, criticism, or complaint.

Is age required before one can recognize that the Survey Committee welcomed criticism?

In the autumn of 1942, the President of the University appointed a committee to consider the question of Student Guidance at the University. Professor M. H. Long, Chairman of that committee, reports in this issue—or, rather, gives us a brief summary of his fuller Report to the President. The Committee consulted University instructors and officers of course, but it also consulted school officials, undergraduates, other universities, and two thousand alumni of this University. Those who received the questionnaires will know that the Committee did not ask them to "pull their punches" if they desired to punch.

Poor Professor Long is growing old; does he not say, "The Committee consulted the alumni [and outsiders] on a scale on which, so far as the writer knows, no other Canadian university has ever done on a question of academic policy." The Editor must e'en totter down the hill with him, for the Editor also is old enough to realize that the behaviour of Professor Long's committee proves that "this University welcomes criticism."

One result of the labors of the Survey Committee was a reconstitution of the University Senate. The following is clipped from the *Edmonton Journal* for October 19, 1943:

UNIVERSITY SENATE

ASKS SUGGESTIONS

Persons wishing to appear before the University of Alberta Senate "with any matters pertaining to the usefulness of the University," are invited to attend the Senate meeting Oct. 27, 9:30 a.m. in the Senate Chamber of the Arts building. Submissions to the Senate may be made either in writing or in person, it was stated.

As this editorial lengthens, so do our years; we grow older and older. Of course this University welcomes criticism! How otherwise can it serve the people? For evidence that it does serve the people, see our deeply moving

and eloquent editorial, "The Ivory Tower," in the last issue. And if it welcomes criticism—and we have known no other university that reached out and "asked for it"—it can probably stand criticism "better than most."

Perhaps the University itself is growing old. Indeed, it must be aging in effect to have sent five or six thousand children forth into the world. Is more to be expected of one poor *alma mater*? Of course. She must be ever young, and ever sweet; but let us pray that with her perpetual youth and fecundity, she may have some of the qualities of human age: serenity, tolerance, charity, an ability to look facts in the face untroubled, a realization that for big things like education co-operation is necessary and criticism is wholesome, bracing, even when unkind. And let us pray that she will have, what so many of us may miss,

"That which *should* accompany old age,

As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

And troops of *Friends*.

Summer: Rain and Shine

"Do you know," growled the Old Professor, "I believe I'm developing gill slits." He glared across the campus, at the deluging rain, at the trees, broken by storms, at the rank growth, at the mud. Old people love the sun; and Alberta when she is kind, is bountiful. "Soon, I dare say," he mutters, "I shall grow to like it and burrow in the mud like a catfish. Still, if Alberta could concentrate in herself all the bad weather of the world—except a little for Hitler—and give the lads what they want on the invasion beaches, I should call her noble and waggle my fins with abandon."

He shuffles into goloshes and raincoat and clumps gloomily through the downpour to the High Level to see the swollen river. Already houses have been invaded on the flats, and the muddy flood boils along covered with debris. A hen coop comes floating down. From the upper side of one of the piers a jam extends fifty feet. And on the bridge a young monkey on a bicycle comes whizzing along with a whirring contraption like a baby fire-alarm. "Well," sighs the Professor, "I'm probably on the wrong side again."

The rider slithers to a sudden stop, "Telegram for you, Sir."

"These modern inventions!" mutters the Professor, "They won't leave you alone. Persistent as mosquitos."

"I'll deliver it at your home, Sir."

"Oh, well, give me the dratted thing. . . . You're a bright boy. What would you do if I gave you a quarter?"

"Buy a war stamp."

"Good! And then . . .?"

"I'm saving up for the University."

"Really! What course will you study?"

"Aeronautical Engineering."

"Too bad, too bad—I shan't have the pleasure of failing you."

"Nobody's going to fail *me*, Sir."

"Eh? You astonish me. You're good at Mathematics, then?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Hmm. See that jam of drift wood? How would you estimate its length?"

"Well, Sir, the bridge is 200 feet high, and if you sight down from here, the angle is about . . ."

"Dear me, what a precocious youngster you are!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, scoot, scoot. Come and see me at the University when you get there."

"Yes, Sir, I sure will."

He saunters home with a jauntier step, "My dear, it's a perfectly beautiful day out. The air is like wine." And another face slips into the picture gallery, another golden lad to remember.

* * * *

"Didn't you get my telegram?" sputtered his old friend from the East.

"Telegram . . ." murmured the Professor vaguely.

"I wired you."

"Oh, well," remarked the Professor, "These modern inventions; they never work. Probably the rain . . ."

The rain! Why, that was only yesterday, or was it last week. And here we are, sitting like "guests star-scattered on the grass." It was the moon that Omar liked—well, no doubt there is a moon in Alberta too. The moon may be Persian, but the sun is Canadian. As a man grows old, he loves the sun more and more. So good, the sun. He turns over his old gnarled hands and spreads them to the warmth. Alberta sun, Alberta air. And do you know, there are actually people who go away for summer vacations—extraordinary! While his friend enters upon some long monologue about the quality of men turned out by his own eastern college, well-remembered phrases come flitting through the mind of the Old Professor: "Fifty years is little room," "O world, I cannot hold thee close enough," "Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn." What could be more beautiful than Alberta in summer! The voice of his friend comes dimly through from far away:

"We do set a stamp upon them, you can recognize them . . ."

"Rubber stamp, I suppose," says the Professor mildly, but with a twinkle known to generations. He rouses himself, shakes off the lethargy, the old fire-horse smells the smoke:

"No, no, William, your college cannot be as bad as that; I simply won't believe you. No college can be as bad as that. You may remember Newman, 'The university is not a foundry or a mint or a treadmill.' No doubt you are thinking of stamp as hallmark, but my dear fellow, good wine needs no bush. No indeed. And a group of *our* graduates—and

yours must be similar—I will not say they are freaks and monstrosities like their professors—no, but they should be individual. What the university ought to be, what *our* University is, is the blessed sun itself, the life-giver, bringing out the potentialities of each individual, and therefore making them all different. Here, you see this lad delivering papers—just watch him. Oh, good afternoon, Peter.”

“Hello.”

“Well, what’s important in the news today, Peter?”

“New government in Italy.”

“Eh, it’s not even on the front page! And the headlines are about Cherbourg.”

“I know; it’s on the editorial page, hasn’t been reported, but they talk about it there.”

“Oh, and why do you think that’s important—more than Cherbourg?”

“Well, sir, don’t you see: Cherbourg is only one battle, but the new government in Italy, and Badoglio out, that says whether we’ll have to fight it all over again maybe, that’s maybe the end of Fascism in one whole country.”

“Good! And what’s important in Edmonton?”

“I don’t know, Sir—I didn’t read it all, but there’s a double registration for University Summer School.”

“Splendid! Well, that ends your examination for today. Run along.”

“Good-bye.”

“There!” says the Professor, turning to his friend. “One thing this world needs, always has needed, is a newspaper editor with a sense of values. In peace time, murders on the front page and important news tucked away in corners! And in war time, the real news not even reported. And this lad, if we take him in hand, may some day be the world’s best editor. You notice how odd he is with his mixture of shyness and cockiness, but he has the exquisite sensitivity of a poised needle. And there was another lad on the bridge the other day, a tough young pug-nosed imp, hard as nails, practical, a born engineer. He saved himself a mile of pedalling his bike by handing me a telegram right there on the bridge—by Jove, perhaps that was *your* telegram!”

“What did you do with it?”

“Why, why, here it is in my pocket! Dear me. Oh, well, I dare say it wasn’t important. These things never are. ‘Arriving four p.m. Monday’.”

“But I didn’t know whether you would be here or not!”

“What of it? I knew.”

“But I had to let you know I was coming.”

“Why? Nonsense, all you were doing was cackling—without even a hen’s justification of having laid an egg. You hadn’t even got here. Pure cackle. Besides, as you see, these modern contraptions never do work. But you’ve got me off the point.

“The point is this: here are these two lads, one has the soul of an artist, an artist’s insight into the values of things; the other is a maker, a

builder, sure of himself, rough and ready. Fine lads both. You wouldn't mint and treadmill and stamp them into a common stereotype? No, that's sinful. That defeats the dearest hopes of Providence. No, but they will come to the University and grow in the sun, drink in its warmth and beneficence—and the rest of us may hardly even be aware that they are there, but all the while their roots will be active, and in the end, God helping us, they will be something like what they ought to be, even more individual than they are now—and the only common quality they will have will be the fact that they are both made of gold."

Gold and green! And the Old Professor leans back on the well-worn thought: green for youth and promise, for Spring and Summer; and the fine pured gold that lasts the seasons through.

The Editor Says:

We do not know how many of our articles have been reprinted elsewhere, but Dr. Clark's "Bituminous Sands" was reprinted in the *Edmonton Journal*, and Dr. Newton's "The People: Our First Resource" appeared in *The Canadian Editorial Digest*. We have no objection whatever if others think our materials are too good for us to keep, but we do wish they would flatter us by letting us know!

A page in the *Co-op News* in January borrowed its material from the first annual report of the Friends of the University, and Miss Marian Gimby writes a delightful and inspiring article in *The A.T.A. Magazine* for June, 1944, entitled, "The Friends of the University." If we could receive the support of the co-operatives and of the teachers of Alberta, we should indeed be, in Rupert Brooke's fine phrase, "proudly friended."

Professor Long, before leaving for the East and a year's work on the second volume of his *History of the Canadian People*, left us an article on Student Guidance, *carte blanche*, and his blessing. When we found that there were twenty-three typed pages in the article—the longest previous one was ten—we hurled maledictions after him. With a stout heart, nevertheless, we set about squeezing. We squeezed and we squeeze; our hands are full of splinters, and our hair is grey; our only satisfaction is that the author would now probably refuse to sign our butchery. To the two thousand who two years ago received questionnaires—and to the three hundred and fifty who answered—the net result is respectfully dedicated.

Margaret Shelton tells us that she cannot write; we would not alter a comma in her manuscript! Her drawings and her writing will be equally refreshing to our readers. How good it is to live in the same province with such interesting people.

The same can be said for Miss Willis and the article we reprint from *The Canadian Nurse*. Mid-wifery is illegal in Canada, but the Province of Alberta, because of the shortage of medical doctors, has authorized District Nurses to care for maternity cases. The School of Nursing, therefore, last year offered an advanced course in Practical Obstetrics to be taken in two four months parts over two years. Miss Willis was one of the first group of students in this course.

Miss E. N. Thompson is a graduate of 1944, now taking up her red pencil again at the Correspondence Branch. Winner of the annual Shakespeare prize at the University, Miss Thompson did yeoman work on *The Gateway* during the year. One of the heaviest users of CKUA, the Correspondence School is an example of that co-operation between the University and the schools which Professor Long was unable to find. We might also refer him to Miss Gimby and to our cordial relations with the *A.T.A. Magazine*, to say nothing of many committees manned by common personnel.

Marjorie D. Skelton '43 has appeared in *The New Trail* before. She is in the meteorological service of TCA at Regina. She speaks for all the girls and young married women in these dreadful days who have wedded loneliness and fear. Her poem will repay a second reading.

Andrew Stewart touches a matter important to the future. Bridges and other gadgets have been built before now which could not be justified by any sane economical considerations. The economics seem to be against rural electrification. Perhaps the answer is that the need transcends economics.

J. A. Allan, elected this year vice-president for North America of the Society of Economic Geologists, is that phenomenon in modern times, the man who knows. In the welter of publicity regarding the North, it is refreshing to have a few dependable facts.

Our staunch colleague, and the faithful friend of alumni, G. B. Taylor, has no voice in this issue. An unruly appendix has laid him low for the moment. From this misfortune we augur many years of service to come, for appendicitis is well known to be a young man's ailment. In his place Mrs. Corbett (Nora McPhail, '42) tries her hand at Alumni Notes. She has been for some time responsible, under Mr. Taylor, for the Honor Roll.

Through the eyes of the Old Professor we have seen the seasons: Autumn, Winter, Spring, and Summer. The series is complete; bid him farewell: *Ave atque vale!*

Around the Campus

After more than thirty years' service in the University residences, Jessie Brown and Teenie Miller have retired this spring. They did their last tour of duty, with their usual brisk efficiency, at the tea-party after Convocation. For them, as for the young things with their newly won degrees, it was the close of a chapter; for them, a long chapter—"the end of an auld sang." Hundreds of Alberta students have known and respected these two quiet, competent Scottish women who did much to establish a sound tradition of life and manners in the Residences. They could be "a rod to check the erring," and many students of the old initiation days will remember Teenie's comminatory tones to brutal sophomores: "Leave thae laddies alane." Without Jessie and Teenie, Athabaska Hall will not be the same. We all wish them long and happy years of richly earned rest.

Another good friend of students and faculty, Bill Hudson, is on sick leave at the Coast. We wish him good health and a happy return.

Convocation on May 16 was a day for summery frocks and breezy wear—as the many who wore uniforms can testify. The speaker was Col. George L. Cameron, D.S.O., V.D., D.D.S., M.D.S., Deputy Director General of Dental Services, National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa. Sir Ernest MacMillan, Director of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, brought greetings from the University of Toronto.

Graduating students maintained our high average of fellowships won for further studies at other universities.

The class gift this year fills two more of the empty panels in the new cafeteria. It consists of paintings by Cartmell and Gissing, Alberta artists whose work is worthy of permanent record.

* * * *

A new club formed during the last year is the University Art Club which held an interesting exhibition in the Arts building at the end of the academic year. This year again, W. J. Phillips, R.C.A., and H. G. Glyde, A.R.C.A., are conducting their June course in drawing and painting. More than fifty have attended.

Some time we shall attempt a register of all the University short courses; their name seems to be legion. They seem well attended and must fill a great need. This year the Farm Young People's Week brought about 180 of these young people to the campus, a larger attendance than in any recent year. This very popular and worth-while course has been an annual affair for twenty years. Its age seems an index of its success and value.

* * * *

The end of acceleration is in sight. Some things are easier to start than to stop. It will take two years to decelerate to normal. The difficulty of course is the old nursery nightmare: "Three little cats in a basket where there's only room for two." The extra classes of Medical and Dental students are here; until they graduate, acceleration must continue—and let nobody say that these Faculties have not done their bit in the War to Preserve Civilization.

The Faculty of Education which has also done some accelerating, is to be congratulated on having won the confidence of the people of Alberta and their Government. This year the Summer School ordinarily operated by the Provincial Department of Education has been handed over to the University Faculty. Even more far-reaching changes are in process. All teacher training in the Province is to become a function of the Faculty of Education which will at the end of the war take over the management of all Normal Schools. Nowhere else in Canada, if in the world, is the Normal training of teachers entrusted to a university. The idea seems sound and progressive. Once more Alberta leads the way. We hope to have an article explaining this development in detail in a future issue.

Plans are also in hand to "strengthen the School of Commerce as rapidly as possible" and to extend the School of Dentistry. The anticipated needs of the post-war period exert a leverage in these matters.

Another change is the transfer of CKUA, the University radio station, to Alberta Government Telephones. This change is more a matter of book-keeping than anything else. The same board will govern it, and its

actual operation remains in University hands. As it has always been a drain on University finances and will remain equally expensive, the Province has applied for a commercial licence.

A different sort of change is the division of the *University Calendar* into individual Faculty booklets. The introductory material of the old *Calendar* has suffered a "sea-change" into *Your University*, mentioned in Professor Long's article.

* * * *

The second coming of Dean Smith, or his return after a year's absence in Ottawa, was by no mean anticlimactic. Indeed, it has been said that he "rocked Garneau to its foundations—or even deeper," bringing with him not only a bride but two sizeable children. Even for a historian accustomed to telescoping the events of an era into one short lecture, he seems to have crowded a great deal into a single year. The whole campus is happy with him.

To replace the serious loss to the University of Miss Helen G. McArthur, who has been appointed Superintendent of Public Health Nurses for Alberta, Miss Madeleine L. McCulla has been appointed Lecturer in Nursing and Acting Director.

New appointments to the University Faculty include David G. Embree, sessional instructor in History, Mrs. Virginia P. Pearson, instructor in Nursing, Mrs. Iris M. Werry, sessional instructor in French, and J. G. Knudsen, session instructor in Chemistry.

The Board of Governors, after several years of discussion with the Faculty Relations Committee and after a number of partial solutions, has straightened out all the kinks in University salaries and standardized salary scales for Faculty members. It has also brought the sub-staff under a pensions scheme, and announced that members of the Faculty on war service will be promoted "as if they had remained in the University." In consequence, Lieut. Dennis Healy and Capt. V. P. Ignatieff have been promoted to Assistant Professor, Lieut. E. J. H. Greene to Lecturer, and Lieut. J. T. Jones to Associate Professor. This policy has received universal applause; let us hope that it will tend to ensure the return to us of men whom we cannot afford to lose.

* * * *

The new Soldiers' Wing of the University Hospital now reaches up several stories, north of the parent institution. Work has started on the extension to the Power Plant building from which heat will be sent underground both to the new Wing and to the new Tuberculosis Sanitarium which is soon to be built.

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From the *Edmonton Journal* we quote the following: "Red Bobs 222 is the most popular wheat among Alberta farmers. According to a survey conducted by Alberta Pool Elevators, 42.9 percent of this year's wheat acreage is sown to that variety. . . . Red Bobs 222 is a re-selection of Early Triumph made at the University of Alberta and first distributed in 1925." Red Bobs is, of course, not the only wheat developed at the University. This year Titan barley is in commercial production.



"Rural Mail Route"

Margaret D. Shelton



"Mount Edith"

Margaret D. Shelton

University Honor Roll

These are they whom we delight to honor

The War Records Committee is grateful to those readers who have been good enough to furnish information for the Honor Roll. In order to maintain correct, complete, and up-to-date records the Committee renews its appeal for assistance and particularly hopes that service men and women and their next-of-kin will report changes of rank and address to the Assistant Registrar, University of Alberta. The following names have been added since April.

AWARDS

British Empire Medal

Sergeant David Morris Wolochow, RCAF, Agriculture '35-'38, June 8, 1944.

Distinguished Flying Cross

Wing Commander David Thomas French, RCAF, B.Sc. (Ag.) '40, May, 1944.

Squadron Leader Harold Stanley Lisson, RCAF, April 28, 1944.

Order of the British Empire

Squadron Leader David Morris Bruser, RCAF, B.A. '34, M.D. '38, June 8, 1944.

Lieutenant Colonel Eric Leon Gibbs, B.A. '31, LL.B. '32, June 8, 1944.

Colonel Ernest Brown Wilson, B.A. '25, LL.B. '27, June 8, 1944.

CASUALTIES

Died on Active Service

Flight Lieutenant Charles Oren Baker, RCAF, M.D. '41, April, 1944.

Killed in Action

Flying Officer Arthur Francis Garnsey Hughes, RCAF, Applied Science '38-'40.

Pilot Officer John Marshall Polomark, RCAF, B.Com. '36, April 25, 1944.

Major Robert Lanning Proctor, B.Com. '37, June, 1944.

Missing

Pilot Officer Bennett Winthrop Clarke, RCAF, Applied Science '36-'37, April, 1944.

Flight Lieutenant Roderick Joseph Digney, RCAF, B.Sc. (Chem.) '36, May 5, 1944.

Sergeant David Clifton Prowse, RCAF, Com. '40-'41, April, 1944.

Pilot Officer Hance Logan Shortliffe, RCAF, Arts '40-'42, March, 1944.

Lieutenant Kenneth Roger Sutton, RCNVR, Arts '38-'40, May 15, 1944.

Previously Reported Missing, now Safe

Flying Officer Hubert Samuel Prowse, RCAF, Arts '41-'42.

Presumed Dead

Warrant Officer William James Murdoch Nickerson, RCAF, Medicine '39, January 5, 1944.

Wounded

Gunner Jack Flavin, RCA, Applied Science '38-'41. Wounded in Italy, April 15, 1944.

HONOR ROLL

Navy

Alston, John Glen (E)
 Bate, Thomas Edward (E)
 Boileau, Arthur Finn
 Chowne, Audrey May Johanne
 (WRCNS)
 Davies, Trevor Francis
 Duhamel, L. A.
 Du Mont, Robert Francis Henri
 Lamb, Ross H.
 McBride, James Montgomery (E)
 MacDonald, Donald Lyon (E)
 MacQueen, Lois Mary (WRCNS)
 Marr, Theodore Robert (E)
 Rowan, William Oliver (E)
 Shipley, James Mills
 Stevinson, Harry Thompson (E)
 Taylor, Mary Molly (WRNS)

Army

Acton, William Charles (Medical)
 Amerongen, Gerard Joseph
 Amundsen, Lester Roy (Medical)
 Amundsen, Owen Jennings
 Bell, Donald Munns (Medical)
 Blaquiére, Robert Henry (Dental)
 Bolocan, Hyam (Medical)
 Brown, Leigh Borrodell (Medical)
 Callbeck, Gordon Robert McLean
 (Medical)
 Cameron, Evan Giles
 Colley, Russell Quentin (Medical)
 Cotter, Wilfred Andrew (Dental)
 Cottrell, John Darnell (Medical)
 Crux, Norman Wigle George
 (Medical)
 Debney, Philip Lawrence
 Duncan, Ralph McLaren (Dental)
 Edmunds, Lawrence Mervyn
 (Medical)
 Edwardh, Orville Harold (Medical)
 Farquharson, Robert Edward
 Hughes (Medical)
 Fee, Alan Douglas (Dental)
 Fjordbotten, Alf Lee (Medical)
 Fleming, Henry Sanford Alexander
 Fraser, Arthur Alexander (Dental)
 Frebrowski, Paul Walter (Medical)
 Fulton, James Blair (Medical)
 Gaboury, Paul George
 Geissinger, Max Edwin (Medical)
 Graham, Grenville George Ken-
 nedy (Medical)
 Hemstock, James Walter (Medical)
 Hole, Harry
 Huckvale, William Sydney
 Jackson, Ivan Rufus Carl
 Jackson, John (Dental)
 Johnston, Donald Cooper (Medical)
 Johnston, Lloyd Wallace (Medical)

Keir, William Robert (Medical)
 Kervin, John Kenneth
 Killick, Gordon
 Kreutzer, Ernest Fredrick
 (Medical)
 Krivel, Harold (Medical)
 Kupchenko, Vladimir Harold
 Macbeth, Robert Alexander Leslie
 (Medical)
 McCaskill, Alexander John
 MacDonald, Donald Gould
 McDougall, Alan Neil (Dental)
 MacKay, David Stanley
 McKeage, John Fleming (Medical)
 McPherson, Eugene Lionel
 MacRae, Marion Elizabeth (CWAC)
 Mallin, Lloyd Ellison (Dental)
 Miller, Edward James
 Moreau, Joseph Paul (Medical)
 Neil, Rhoda Bernice (CWAC)
 Newhall, Stuart Owen
 Ower, John Rattray
 Phillips, David Lloyd Garrick
 (Medical)
 Rudiak, Metro W.
 Shulhan, Michael (Medical)
 Sinclair, James MacKenzie
 Sinclair, John Arthur (Medical)
 Sinclair, Stewart Ronald
 Slack, Edwin Albert (Dental)
 Stein, Samuel (Dental)
 Stephens, John Wesley (Medical)
 Stewart, William Dod (Medical)
 Storey, Donald John
 Turner, John Richard
 Walhovd, Torstein Olav (Dental)
 Wallace, James Beatty (Medical)
 Warren, Douglas Howard (Dental)
 Webb, John Arthur
 West, Norris John (Dental)
 Willis, Lloyd Everett
 Willson, John Norman
 Wolochow, Michael (Medical)
 Worthington, Willard Thomas
 Yaremchuk, Stephen Lloyd
 (Dental)

Air Force

Ashley, Gordon Stuart
 Beveridge, Alexander James
 Brennan, Norman Lorne
 Brown, Emerson Dalglish
 Brown, William Wood Lindsay
 Bruser, David Morris
 Christensen, Herbert Carstens
 Clarke, Bennett Winthrop
 Coplick, Walter Irish
 Darroch, James George
 Davidson, Roy Mitchell
 Elford, Edgar Vivian

Feniak, Michael Walter
 Fenske, Kenneth Gordon
 Fountain, T. Harold
 Hall, Donald Herbert
 Harris, Orrie Wetherilt
 Hoar, Charles Richard
 Hoover, Earle Ryerson
 Hoover, Ralph Egerton
 Irwin, Armon Fulton
 Knudtson, Leonard Charles
 Lerov, Alfred Joseph
 McCormack, William Brewster
 McPhail, James Nesbitt
 Mason, Robert George

Moore, Kenneth Wayne
 Nigro, Robert Monty
 Panchyshyn, Edward J.
 Pinchbeck, George Reginald
 Robertson, Gordon Raymond
 Shiplett, Everett Howard
 Shumiatcher, Morris C.
 Sissons, William John
 Sprague, Gordon Harvey
 Stone, Kenneth Mayson
 Vikse, Francis Tremaine
 Wark, Robert Rodger
 White, Mary Gwendolyne
 Winson, Robert William

No. 2 Canadian Army University Course*

*The men of this course receive University credit for their year. Hundreds of others have taken the Pre-Aircrew training at St. Joseph's, and 740 Navy men have had special work in Radio and Physics.

Archibald, Harold David
 Armstrong, Donald Eugene
 Bond, Kenneth Leon
 Braithwaite, Thomas Robert
 Brunet, George Fred
 Buchanan, William Howard
 Busby, Lorne
 Cherry, David Douglas
 Church, Albert Joseph
 Critchfield, J.
 Cummer, Roy Frederick
 Despina, Laurent Joseph
 Donnelly, LeVerne Rudolph
 Dunbar, Douglas Dean
 Edwards, Ivan Clare
 Ellis, Douglas Ray
 Faibish, Lloyd Mark
 Ferguson, Jack Lawrence
 Finley, Glenn Sherman
 Fish, James Richardson
 Gardener, Norman Jack
 Gee, Kenneth Stanley
 Gibling, George Martin
 Gore-Hickman, Francis Gordon
 Graham, Francis Lorimer
 Hall, Robert Douglas
 Holroyd, Arthur Warburton
 Henry, Keith Austin
 Hicks, Donald Frederick
 Hodgson, Kenneth Albert

Hutchings, John Linton
 Jaspar, Joseph Louis
 Jecks, James Donovan
 Kemsley, Charles Arthur
 Keyes, Robert Elliott
 Lerbekmo, John F.
 Litchfield, Bert Kay
 Lutz, John Earl
 McEachern, Donald James
 Macpherson, John Ross
 May, Richard Freeborne
 Miller, Elwin Charles
 Mills, William Oliver
 Minty, Gordon Keith
 Morrow, Thomas David
 Nielsen, Arne Rudolph
 Nicholson, Donald Arthur
 Patterson, Ashton Maynard
 Payne, Robert Walter
 Percifield, Richard Bennett
 Phillips, Raymond Stanley
 Potter, Andrew Eldon
 Roberts, Glyndwr William
 Ross, Gerald Bruce Graham
 Rowe, Ralph R.
 Scott, William LeVern
 Smith, Harry H. B.
 Taylor, Robert McKay
 Torrance, Kenneth John
 Tyler, William Garth



In the Wide Wide World

GEORGE SYDNEY FIELD

B.Sc. (Eng. Physics) 1929; M.Sc. 1930; D.Sc. 1937; F.R.S.C.

A native of Wimbledon, England, George Field came with his parents to Waterville, Quebec, at age five. There and in nearby Sherbrooke he pursued his education to the completion of junior high school. Then his family moved to Edmonton, and there followed for George a mixed grill of technical school, business college, and practical experience of lumbering at Lesser Slave Lake. In 1924 he entered upon a course in engineering physics at the University of Alberta. This brought him into contact with Dr. R. W. Boyle, then deep in his researches on ultrasonics, and with Dr. H. J. McLeod, who inducted him into the mysteries of short electric waves.

Appointed an engineer with the Dominion Geodetic Survey in 1929, George spent only one summer in that service, returning to the University in the fall for master's work, and following Dr. Boyle to the National Research Laboratories the next year. In 1937 he submitted to the University of Alberta a group of papers on ultrasonics and short electric waves. These earned for him the University's degree of Doctor of Science, a distinction he shares only with Dr. J. B. Collip, co-discoverer of insulin, and with the President of the University.

From 1934 to 1939, Dr. Field was engaged mainly in the investigation of architectural acoustics. He became consultant to the C.B.C. in the design and materials for broadcasting studios. The war, however, returned him to his first love, short-wave communication. Modern problems in aircraft and ship communication systems, both within and between various craft, offered full scope for his skill and inventiveness. Sent to England in 1941 to study some of these problems at closer range, Dr. Field packed into 4½ months some first-class battle experience as well as scientific work. Present in London for the big blitz of April 16, 1941, he later elected to travel home to Canada on H.M.S. Rodney on the trip which included the sinking of the German super-battleship Bismark on May 27, and an attack by German bombers seeking revenge the next day.

As the war approaches its climax, Dr. Field is giving part of his attention to physiological acoustics, in particular the merits of various hearing aids for injured veterans. No better illustration of the essential role of the scientist in both war and peace could be desired than the many-sided work of this electrical physicist. It need only be added that Dr. Field is happily married to Jean O. Richards, a graduate of the University of Alberta Hospital, and that they have three bonny children, to complete a picture of well rounded citizenship.

A "sound" man in both senses of the word, George Sydney Field is cause for pride to his Alma Mater and fellow alumni.

* * * * *

JAMES BERTRAM COLLIP

*B.A., M.A., Ph.D. (Toronto), B.Sc. 1924, M.D. 1926, LL.D. (Manitoba)
D.Sc. (Harvard), F.R.S., F.R.S.C., F.R.C.P. (Canada)*

One of the most distinguished investigators among the alumni and one whose professional activities have been largely in the research field of endocrinology is Dr. J. B. Collip, who came to the University in 1915 as a lecturer in physiology and biochemistry. After a period of six years devoted to teaching and research, latterly as an associate professor, he received a Rockefeller Fellowship and returned to the University of Toronto on leave to work in research with Dr. J. J. R. McLeod in the Department of Physiology of that University during the time covered by the award. It was here that he also became associated with Drs. Banting and Best in the purification and introduction of insulin to the profession, an accomplishment which brought fame to the participants.

Dr. Collip returned to the University as Professor of Biochemistry in 1922 and remained as head of that department for a period of six years, during which important contributions to research in his own field were accomplished. It was during this time also that he obtained the degrees of Doctor of Science and Doctor of Medicine from the University and thus became an alumnus.

In 1928 he was offered and accepted the chair of biochemistry in McGill University and finally severed his association with this University. Needless to say his departure, although accompanied by the best wishes of all, was much regretted by his associates who were thus deprived of an esteemed colleague.

At McGill University much important work in endocrinology was accomplished and a very active department was maintained. During this period he attained an enhanced prominence in his field and was the recipient of honorary degrees from the University of Manitoba and Harvard University, as well as several medals and prizes.

In the year 1942, Dr. Collip was appointed head of the new Research Institute of Endocrinology, McGill University, and gave up his teaching position to devote himself to research. He has been a member of the Council of the National Research Council of Canada for a number of years and since the tragic death of his old associate, Sir Frederick Banting, has been Chairman of the Committee on Medical Research of the National Research Council, in which position he has been tireless in his devotion to the organization and progress of valuable medical research of national importance in relation to the war effort.

Dr. Collip, in spite of his many accomplishments and prominence, is of the same pleasant unassuming personality as when he lived and worked among us.

Books of Our Own

John Macdonald, *The Expanding Community: A Political Philosophy for Today*, Toronto: Dent, 1944, \$2.25.

A stout little book, this!

In it Dr. Macdonald has done his readers a kindly service. As its subtitle says, *The Expanding Community* is a political philosophy for today—written in plain, conscientious, every-day English, as all philosophy for everyman should be written. As Dr. Macdonald deals in simple English with matters on which most of us feel ourselves to be intelligently informed, it is likely that there will be readers who fail to see that he writes not only simply, but profoundly. Those who have already done the most careful thinking will find most in this book, for of good little books, too, the Scripture adage holds, that to him that hath shall be given.

Dr. Macdonald's suggestive title is somewhat reminiscent of a recent theory of the physical universe, but he cautions us carefully against the assumption that there is some law of nature guaranteeing the progress of civilization—progress in terms of human welfare. Civilization is man's work; its expansion depends on the aims men elect to pursue, and on the means used to attain these aims, and both ends and means may or may not be conducive to human welfare. In spite of all that makes many doubt whether civilization is progressing, Dr. Macdonald finds that there is such a thing as progress, and that it can be demonstrated. The proof he finds, not in abstract argument, but within our actual community life, in our growing sense of community. His thought here deserves to be carefully noted. This growing sense of community reveals itself in the "discovery" by a democratic society (Dr. Macdonald's "community" is democratic) of desirable ends for society to attain, with the welfare of all in view. The natural history of such social "discoveries" is that the idea of a desirable end passes into conviction, held beyond argument as to its rightness, in the minds of a sufficient portion of the community, so that the desired end becomes attainable by the use of intelligent means. The means used by a democracy to attain a desired end must be intelligent, by which we can only mean that they must be in accord with the basic principle of democracy, and may not transgress against the dignity or common decencies of life.

This single, basic principle Dr. Macdonald finds to be that of the absolute value of the individual. This is fundamental, and lies beyond question or argument; it is the magnetic pole to which the compass of a progressive community must set.

In the light of this basic principle the chapters of this book are developed. With clarity, and with almost regrettable brevity, Dr. Macdonald deals with economic and political power, with the dictator and the totalitarian state, the essentials of a sound economy, social planning, the perils of national sovereignty, the essential features of democracy, the limits of democratic control—and with other subjects of social import not so commonly given thought, like the influence of the judiciary, and the increasing functions of our administrative services.

For everything said, the reader will be grateful; and grateful, too, for the gentle reproof of careless thinking implied in Dr. Macdonald's careful handling of such terms as "economic democracy." It is impossible in a brief review to follow the argument of this book in detail. One hopes it will prove to be the prelude to a fuller and more fully illustrated treatment of this all-important field.

There are two observations, however, which not even a brief review may overlook. Dr. Macdonald's every thought shows that it is not abstract social or political ideas that he concerns himself with. It is our actual, every-day community he cares about. It is with the common man that he holds converse in this book, and his ideal mode of democratic progress is that which he believes the common man will come to adopt, as giving the best promise of safeguarding and increasing human welfare. An assessing, but not unkindly eye is cast on the ardent blue-printer, the pacifist, the sectary, the "joiner," the demagogue, and all the wide variety of personalities that a democracy has to do its best and kindest for and make room for somehow. Dr. Macdonald's democracy has wide elbow-room for individual freedom; clearly tolerance and patience with those who are unlike ourselves, will be cardinal virtues in his expanding community.

The second observation is that to Dr. Macdonald, the field in which his thought moves is the field of Ethics. A serious note runs all through his book, not only because the community is liable to danger from within and without, but because loyalty to the basic principle of the absolute value of the individual requires repudiation of all that conflicts with it, as *evil*. The totalitarian threat to human welfare we think we understand, and hope we can overcome. Dr. Macdonald has wise words to say on that, but has much more to say of the influence that his basic principle must exercise in all fields of conduct, if life is to progress in innocency, security, and happiness. We have heard a good deal recently of the need for moral or spiritual regeneration if civilization is to survive in any form worthy of the name. If any tough-minded reader of *The New Trail* complains (as is likely) that talk of this sort is usually vague (and it is), and gives one no handle to take hold of (and it doesn't), let him (or her) for clear light and ethical direction read Dr. Macdonald's chapter on the fundamental decencies of living, and he (or she) will see what the talk is about and where to begin with the task. The light that Dr. Macdonald throws on our expanding community is the light of calm, clear thinking. A very old saying has it that dry light is the safest and best.

D. E. C.



Alumni Notes

This is the time of year when Alumni branches and local groups are busied with annual dinners and annual letters with reminders.

The Calgary Branch, on the alert for University staff members visiting the city, welcomed Dr. A. J. Cook of the Department of Mathematics, who was in Calgary recently to speak with the High School young people about the University and its services. Dr. Cook, one of our own graduates of 1920, in his address to "the children of our Alma Mater," spoke of "Our Times—against the background of the perplexities and prospects which beset us." The paper was received with great interest and in the discussion that followed the suggestion was made that it be presented to *The New Trail* readers.

The Toronto Branch has been actively and successfully campaigning for annual dues. In their letter to local alumni they mention with pride the Alumni Quarterly Report which not only offers entertainment but provides a medium through which small town newspapers receive a continuous stream of information about the University. The Toronto group is looking forward with interest to their Annual Dinner, when Dr. W. H. Alexander, formerly Dean of Arts and Science here, and now Professor of Classics at the University of California, will be the guest speaker.

The executive of the Edmonton Branch is thinking ahead to Christmas and preparing a mailing list for the parcels of "smokes" to service men and women overseas. From president Louis Hyndman's letter I quote: "There are 1,796 graduates and former students of our Alma Mater in the service and 519 of these are overseas. They will be awfully shy on a good cigarette in the smoking ruins of Fortress Europe if we fail to send some in a Christmas packet. We've done it before—we can do it again!" So that no one will be overlooked, alumni are urged to send in (with their annual fee) names and addresses.

Dr. G. S. Field '29, of 53 Fentiman Ave., Ottawa, writes of the activities of the local group in that humming city. "As in other years we have met informally in one another's homes. Jimmie Manson '26, '28, has just returned from England, where for the past six months he has been acting as Chief Scientific Liaison Officer for the National Research Council. We were glad to have Frank Kunst Williams '27 with us again. He has been laid up for a considerable period, but was looking quite hale and hearty at the meeting."

* * * *

Overseas mail in grateful acknowledgment of the gifts of cigarettes continue to come in to Mr. Taylor's office. Riffing through the varied assortment of typewritten notes, airgraphs, barely discernible scrawls on cards—perhaps written under difficulties somewhere in Italy—and form cards from the prisoner of war with a brief "many, many thanks," we find a cheery letter from Ian Dunlop '41, "My sincere thanks for the gift of Sweet Caps. They were most welcome to myself and friends. Recently I spent my leave in Edinburgh where I met Capt. Craig Langille '40. We miss the winter sports here—I hope the Outdoor Club will have their hill for skiers in good shape when the war terminates." . . . From F/O

Bill O'Dell '41: "My thanks to the Association for remembering me. We have had the driest winter in many years according to the natives—the drought is not really noticeable, however. My room mate is an Alberta grad., E. M. Sanderson '40. Ran into Jack Neilson '41 and Bill Sinclair '41 in the Haymarket Club—they had many interesting tales to tell and also reported having seen Lieut. Aylmer Ryan '39, '40, and Capt. Gordon Sweet '40. Lionel Holmes (Dent '41) is pulling teeth a few miles from here." . . Major Frank Peters '36 conveys, "Many thanks for the 300 cigarettes. They arrived at a good time as I was starting to smoke English cigarettes. Capt. Len McGurran '39 is now in Italy, Syd Huckvale '32, '35 is the medical officer of the regiment." . . Capt. R. L. Sanburn, released from Public Relations work with the RCAF in May, 1943, is now a war correspondent for the Southam Newspapers of Canada. He writes: "I arrived back in England from travels across North Africa, Sicily, and Italy almost denuded of smokes—you can imagine my joy today when your 300 arrived. If by any glorious chance your organization sends any more my way, the address is——." . . Sgt. Delbert Patching '39 writes from Northern Scotland: "Smokes are very welcome in this country. I am an air navigator in Bombing Command where we sit in private booths and draw lines on bits of paper. Sort of a funny job for a fellow who planned to have a future in Agriculture." . . The cigarettes arrived at an opportune time for Pte. Ralph B. Cooper '28, who was (at the time of receipt) a patient in hospital. He says, "My M.O. is Capt. James McPherson '34. You must have sent a lot of fags if you are back to the year '28. I thought I was long forgotten by now."

* * * *

The personal items will suffer in the unfortunate absence of Mr. Taylor, who is convalescing from an appendectomy. Since I had a hand in the previous issue (the wetting and affixing of several thousand gummed labels to this journal), the Editor requested the further service of compiling the alumni notes. The task is a pleasant one.

Helen S. Edwards, with RCAF headquarters, London, writes to pass her best wishes to the class of '19 with the hope that, "a small fragment [of the class] might meet this spring to celebrate the first quarter century. I was pleased to receive a copy of *The New Trail* and to see a few familiar names, among them that of Grace Stewart, who has done so well in her work." Betty Mitchell '20, on leave of absence from the classroom at Western Canada High (Calgary) where she has received recognition for her work in dramatic teaching in the form of a travelling fellowship to observe drama in schools and theatres in the United States, writes, "I have been travelling since January, had a marvellous month in New York—a week in Cornell and Western Reserve where Emrys (Jones '31, '44) and Helen Stewart [Supervisor of Dramatics with our Department of Extension 1942] respectively sat with me over small cups dreaming of a home for theatre in Alberta. *The New Trail* is a joy when one is far from home. It is as fresh and clear as the skies over our mountains. Thank you for the pleasure you give us." Capt. Allen Conroy '36, Anaesthetist with the U.S. Medical Corps, with the return of his ballot on the Alumni constitution, was prompted to write an appreciative note: "The April issue was a sight for sore eyes. I used to see D. W. Woolley frequently in

Wisconsin—and Phyllis May Brewster is married! Such memories. Vance Macdonald has a charmed existence—glad to hear of his escape. I see Bill Cassels '28 and Earl Walker '26, '30 almost every week. Bill is Associate Professor of Anaesthesia at the University of Illinois, and Earl Associate Professor of Neurosurgery at Chicago—both heads of their respective departments. In the past year we've had as visitors Amby O'Neill, '30, '34 and Mark Levey. This is a good spot." Quite a fall of correspondence came to this office as a result of an inquiry for the addresses of Sara Breithart '34. With Dr. Breithart's reply came an inquiry of her own for addresses of classmates in Medicine '34. In tracing these classmates we unearthed some of the history of Class '34 and incidentally netted a fair sum for the Association. Sara is practising in Flushing, N.Y. (156-20 Northern Blvd.), and would like to get in touch with any Alberta alumnus that might be there. Dr. Phyllis L. Steele '34 is practising in Balcarres, Sask., where "I am working towards my specialty in X-ray work which I hope to complete after the war. I have one daughter aged seven." Robert J. Armstrong '35, with the C.M. and S. Co. since graduation, has mined in Kimberley, Goldfields, Yellowknife (Assistant Supt. here for six years), managed Red Rose Mines, Hazelton, B.C., and is now managing operations at Corbin, B.C. He and Maud '34 (née Clarke) have two sons, Bill aged three and Bob nine months. A pleasant note from Lieut. Paul Corbette ('34-'36), who says, "It's the first I've seen of *The New Trail* (January issue) or heard of the Friends of the University, but in both cases—well met! Though no alumnus of Alberta, I spent a couple of years there and some corner of what I laughingly call my soul is forever U. of A. Capt. David Ross '33 holds a responsible job in this outfit. Back in the era '32-'36 he and Lewis Thomas '34, '35 used to keep a round the clock vigil in the Tuck Shop where most of the serious thinking was done in those days. My brother, F/O Bruce Corbett, is over here." Capt. Gordon Blott '38, '41 would gladly exchange the Italian sunshine for a good sample of the Alberta brand. He reports having recently seen Hal Richards '37, John Balfour '35, Max Geissinger '32, Frank Christie '41 (all Meds) and heard a rumor that Bob Zender '40 was in the vicinity. A brief note was received from Major Bob Mewburn '39 with inquiries as to his status on the alumni books. Many thanks, Bob, for the cheque following your letter, which places you in the life membership category! Capt. Frank G. Swanson '37 feels that a central Mediterranean alumni club could be organized with no difficulty, "It is really surprising how many Alberta people are here in Italy. I read the October issue of *The New Trail* with great interest before passing it on to Major Harold Hurdle '33, O.C. of our brigade." We were pleased to hear from F/L John Porter '40 that *The New Trail* takes a back seat to no publication in the officers' mess in Calgary: "I used to feel a bit envious to see the alumni publications of the minor universities like McGill and Toronto on the tables in the Mess, but now my copy of *The New Trail* reposes there, which bows to none in journalistic excellence and exceeds most in its personal touch. While overseas, it was one of my most treasured bits of mail." Members of Class '39 and '40 will be interested to know that Jean Wallbridge (in Toronto for six months assisting with the Town Planning scheme) is now in Montreal as draftsman with the C.B.C. (the address is 1958 St. Luke

St). Comparative isolation keeps F/O Ernie Shortliffe '41 confined in his activities, but affords him time to dream about the "good old days" at U. of A. He says, "I get to London occasionally and invariably run into some of the boys—Captains Mort Mickelson '41 and Gilbert Gerneroy '41 (Dents) seem to frequent the same spots as I do. More often than I meet people do I miss them by a few minutes and find no sign other than a name registered in some book. Amongst these has been S/L Bert Swan, '39, '40 and Doug Jamieson '43." There was a scramble of bids made by the staff in the Book Store for the possession of a rupee note, which was sent by Capt. Francis Brink '40, U.S. Medical Corps, requesting the January and April issue of *The New Trail*. "It is the only kind of money obtainable in this Godforsaken part of Burma," he says. You will not miss out on future issues, Frank. "May I thank you for 'Midwinter' and the memories it brought with it," says Sub/Lt. E. W. "Edge" King '42. "Thanks too for Alumni Notes. My own contacts over here have been limited, but I met F/O Merrill Wolfe '41 in London, December 1, spending leave from Gib. In our flotilla there is Dick Gordon, son of Professor Gordon, one of the C.O's of a craft—in another flotilla Del Foote '42 and Jack Leask (App. Sci. '39-'42) are to be found. J. E. Bromley '43 is working with me. I am enclosing a cheque for another year; it's little enough thanks for the pleasure it brings." From F/L Ernie Ross '42 comes a letter warm in appreciation of the opportunity to see Shakespearean plays at Stratford-on-Avon. "I have attended three performances—thought the *Taming of the Shrew* was very well done. The Grumio of *The Shrew* also played the role of the porter in *Macbeth* and in the latter brought the house down. Imagine such a transition of atmosphere in one leap!" I am giving you a portion of a fine letter, that of L/Cpl. Corwin Pine '41, with the Canadian Army Overseas, who was deeply impressed by "Midwinter": "That was always my favorite season of the Varsity term, when snow is freshly fallen, and students plow their way to 8 o'clock classes from the wilds of 81st Ave., filling the Arts Rotunda with steaming breaths and stamping boots and laughter. The time of the year when the Philharmonic is rounding into shape, when there are meetings and discussions every night in the Med Amphitheatres, and the Frosh Sleigh Ride is just around the corner of next week. When Big and Little Tuck are jammed in the evenings, with the juke boxes blaring and the Toonerville Trolley to the toboggan slide is packed with boys in leather coats and army boots and girls in scarlet ski suits. Best memory of all is that of an occasional walk back from the North Shore late at night, through the hushed grounds of the Legislature and across the High Level, with frost in the air and a few lights on the river, and not a sound except the crunch of your own feet in the snow. Good Lord, this sounds as I were homesick! . . . That campus magic won't be the same again for me, but other green kids from country towns will come to Edmonton to read and write and make friends and walk across the High Level on winter nights. Thanks for helping me to remember. Maybe I won't forget so often now." And maybe, Corwin, we on the campus, having read your letter, won't forget either, won't become blasé and casual and indifferent to the "green kids."

Sincerely,

NORA CORBETT.

Supplement to Collingwood's *First Mate's Log*

BY RICHARD GHISELIN

[The late Richard S. Ghiselin '38 went on a sailing trip through the Mediterranean in 1939 with the late R. G. Collingwood, Waynfleet Professor of Metaphysics at Oxford. Collingwood's account of the voyage appears in *FIRST MATE'S LOG*, a charming little book published by the Oxford Press in 1940.. Another Albertan aboard the *Fleur de Lys* was Ralph E. Collins, now on the staff of the Canadian Legation in China. We are indebted to Dean Smith for the suggestion that the "Supplement" might be available to *NEW TRAIL* readers, and to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ghiselin of Edmonton for permission to print it.

The first part of the "Supplement," here printed, deals largely with Paris in the days before the war and will stir nostalgia in the hearts of many readers. A memoir of "Dick" and a second part, continuing the story from the point at which Collingwood leaves off, will be printed in October.]

Collingwood's *Log* begins with our sailing from Antibes on June 26th, but since this adventure began with my arrival in France, which I had never visited before, my log should begin with my departure from England on June 16th. On that Friday, the day before the end of term, Kermit Gordon and I left the college at 6:30 a.m. in a cold grey rain. On the train Kermit remembered that he had forgotten to get a French visa on his passport, so when we arrived at Paddington with one hour to wait before our boat left Victoria, Kermit dashed off to the French Consulate, while I took the luggage to Victoria and stood by the gate, hoping Kermit would make it. At one minute to go, he had not appeared, so I climbed aboard, but just as the guard's whistle blew and the gate began to swing shut, he came dashing through, and we were off for Paris.

The train took us straight south through Surrey and Sussex to Newhaven on the coast. We walked from the train through a low shed, showed our passports and climbed the gangplank of the channel steamer. With a strong wind blowing and the rain still falling, she pulled out of the harbour and headed for Dieppe. Two and a half hours later, after a roughish crossing, we were marching in line through the French customs at Dieppe; and got through successfully with 100 cigarettes apiece. We rode up to Paris on the train with a girl we met on the steamer coming across. She was a Swiss returning to her home in Berne after a visit in Scotland. She was a commercial photographer—and quite a successful one I gathered—and had travelled widely in Europe making pictures. She was going to stay for a few days with her cousin in Paris, so we arranged to meet her and her cousin the following Monday.

At Gare St. Lazare we helped her find her aunt, put them into a taxi and then gathered our own luggage and left the station. We only got as far as the opposite sidewalk, however, for there was a cafe and a waiter with a tray of ice and French Vermouth. After this blow for Liberty we pulled ourselves together and with our luggage in hand descended into the nearby Metro. We got tickets and a standing place in the train, which fortunately ran without a change to our station in Montparnasse. It was, however, a

poor time of day to be riding the Paris underground, for it was the rush hour, with all the city's workers returning to the suburbs; we were packed in tight, and hot and tired. But emerging from the Metro, Vavin, our station in Montparnesse, was like ascending into heaven. We were greeted first by a wave of sweet cold air, and as we climbed the white tiled stairway we could see a luminous red and blue glow at the head of the stairs with the edge of a brightly colored awning, some tall slim trees in pots with bright red flowers round the bottom, and here and there amongst them were people sitting at tables, drinking cool drinks and watching the traffic of Paris as it swept in and joined from Boulevard Montparnesse and Boulevard Raspail. Right across the street at the junction of the two boulevards was the famous Cafe du Dome with its hundreds of tables, its bright lights and awnings, just like a hundred other cafes in Paris, but wrapped in a special aura of its own.

We walked half a block to the Rue de Grande Chaumiere to the Hotel Liberia, which had been recommended to us by a chap in Oxford. It was a nice, clean, small hotel for 25 francs a night—under 3 shillings—with petit dejeuner for 5 francs. We unpacked our bags, washed up and sallied out for dinner. It was now about 7:30; the rain had stopped but the streets were still glistening; the long rows of street lights were reflected in the puddles and the buildings were outlined against the bright western sky. People were coming out, moving here and there on their way to dinner; all the little restaurants were brightly lighted and busy serving dinner. We picked one for ourselves and began poring over the menu. An hour and a half later, stuffed with the best food in the world and pleasantly mellow from bottles of vin ordinaire both blanc and rouge, we turned left on Boulevard Montparnesse and walked as far as its intersection with Boulevard St. Michel. Thence we walked north towards the cite and the river. Like all the streets in Paris, the Boule Miche is wide and graciously proportioned, with trees down either side and great wide sidewalks lined with open-air cafes. It is the very heart of Montparnesse and runs right through the crowded quarter of the Left Bank. The cafes were brightly lit and filled with students from L'Ecole des Beaux Arts or from the Sorbonne or from nowhere at all; up and down walked all sorts of people, all interesting in some respect. The cite with its government offices was of course deserted at this time of night so we took the Metro and came up again at the Place d'Opera. Montparnesse, the Opera, and Boulevard Haussman are the three centres of night life in Paris, but this section, unlike the other two, is rich and swanky and filled to the brim with rich American tourists—and needless to say, not half so exciting as the other two. We walked down the Boulevard and from there into the Place de la Concorde where there was still enough light to show the magnificent proportions of the square and of the lovely buildings around it. Crossing, we left by the other side and began our walk down the Champs Elysees, the street of Paris, and probably the finest street in the world. We walked the mile and a half to the end of it past the finest shops in Paris, the newspaper offices and cinemas to the great Arc de Triomphe dominating the Place de l'Etoile with its 12 radiating avenues.

From there we took the Metro to Montmartre where in a cafe we ran into a friend of Kermit's, who is on the staff of the Paris Herald Tribune, and writes a daily column on the doings in the night spots. With him we went

to a joint full of English show girls in Paris on a week-end, French sugar daddies from the provinces, some members of the American colony in Paris—and one or two Frenchmen. From there we went to a swing club, a gramophone-playing place run by an American negro, and from there back to the Dome where we had chocolat and saucisses frankfort. We spent the next two days seeing as much more of Paris as we could—the Louvre, the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame, the cite, the cite universitaire; we walked miles and covered Paris from one end to the other, eating and drinking extremely well for next to nothing. On Monday night we met the Swiss girl and her cousin, who is a casting director for the film company Haussmann in Paris. She spoke no English and my French did not permit any very sparkling conversation, so for want of conversation she taught me, or rather tried to, to do a tango and a passodoble. We went to the Moulin Rouge, a well-known and rather touristy (but inexpensive) night club, large and garish with a small marble floor, two orchestras and a fancy floor show. It was interesting to have done it, but I didn't enjoy it much. What I liked more than anything else was walking in Paris and eating in the small restaurants. Kermit left next day and I went around to look up Herzl Rome, the American painter living in Paris who is on the trip. Several of us met there, Gil and Bob Cumming and Jack Golay. We went to his atelier on the Rue Visconti, a narrow crooked old street in the centre of the Latin Quarter. All these are tremendously historic streets; his is the house where Rochefoucauld once lived. Near by is the house where Fontenelle died, across is Balzac's print shop. The house has just a wide door on the street with a sort of narrow court inside and a fine winding staircase leading up from it. The house, the whole district now, is of course old and ruined and the buildings are occupied by artists and workers' families. His studio was a nice big well-lighted room with a door opening out onto the roof, from where we could see the roofs and streets around, the church of Ste. Chappelle nearby and far away across the roofs, Notre Dame and the towers of the cite.

The next day in the evening Gil and Jack and I left for Antibes. We had a second-class ticket and had a good deal of room on the train. We slept off and on sitting up or lying down in the compartment, and got into Antibes at 11 a.m. next day. We went immediately to the boat, and for the next three days were as busy as bees buying provisions—my job—and fixing up the boat. The others came trickling down and were put to work; we made shopping trips into Cannes and Nice in the Admiral's car and got advice from the Admiral and his wife. And finally by Tuesday we were ready to sail.

The dimensions of the ship are given at the head of Collingwood's *Log*. Below decks she has: forward, a small fo'cs'le with two bunks—mine and Jack's. Then comes the galley and engine room (combined); the engine sits up in the middle of the room, taking up most of the space, but covered so that it can be used as a table; on one side is a small gas stove, the sink and cupboards, on the other is the refrigerator and storage space. The whole thing is 15x10x7, quite large as galleys go. Next, amidships, is the saloon, a large room about 15x15 with four bunks and a chart table and eating table. Then there is the companion way leading to the deck (there is also a hatch in the fo'cs'le and galley), then comes another small room with a bunk, the W.C. and the large after cabin. On deck she has a deck house above the

engine room for storing flour, sugar, etc., at the back an awninged shelter, and at the stern the cockpit with wheel and binnacle. In a galley that small on a stove that small (two burners, a small oven) it has been no cinch cooking for eleven people. The results, however, seem to have been satisfactory judging from the remarks of the crew, and now that things are getting organized and I have regular helpers, it is easier; I don't have to get breakfast; I have helpers for lunch and dinner, and of course the washing up is done by the rest of the crew. An even greater worry has been the engine. It is a great big brute of a diesel; a good engine really, but much used by the Admiral, and turned over to us in poor condition; it has broken down several times and caused us no end of grief and sweat. I have worked more continuously and got less sleep on this trip than at any other time in my life; but it hasn't done me any harm. I feel fine and am really in excellent health. We lead a superb life—actually. There's plenty to eat, we sit around on deck all day without any clothes on, often up to ten o'clock at night, we swim from the side or are towed along at the end of a rope. We all have the most wonderful tans, and some of us now have wonderful beards—I'm very pleased with mine. We had a regular ship's life, the crew being divided into three watches each standing two four-hour tricks per day, sailing the ship, reading the log, striking the bells, and so on. I am on Collingwood's watch, eight to twelve. Collingwood has turned out to be a grand shipmate; he is a fine sailor and fits in very well indeed with all the people on board. It was a little disconcerting at first to think of cruising with the Waynefleet Professor of Metaphysics, but when you get to know him and see him sitting on deck naked with his stomach sunburned, it's no longer so. All the people on the boat have got on well together after the first few adjustments were made. They are all clever people and we have some very fine discussions at sea. We have been at sea most of the time, but have gone ashore at Stromboli, at Mesina, at Patros, and at Itea to go up to Delphi.

This log up to here was written on July 16th, not finished because of our arrival at Katokolo, and is now being continued at Katokolo. Katokolo is the port from which people reach Olympia; shortly after landing we went ashore, took the train to Pyrgos, and from there to Olympia, arriving late in the evening. We walked around the site by moonlight, slept in the hotel and spent all next day on the site and in the museum. I won't, however, describe either Olympia or Delphi at any greater length now because, in the first place, Collingwood will probably do it better in his *Log*, and secondly because I haven't the time right now. It is now ten o'clock in the morning, July 18th; we are awaiting the arrival of Kermit Gordon, who left Athens last night, when we will set sail for the south—around the Peloponnesus to Athens or through the islands and to Athens.



Attention Graduates!

YOU CAN STILL VOTE

We are grateful to those who returned the ballots inserted in the last issue. We are grateful also for comments and suggestions. Some felt that the outline was not sufficiently definite. We are therefore giving more details in another insert which appears in this issue. You will understand, however, that these materials must be condensed.

We feel that the proposed changes, long overdue, would make a feasible and workable constitution. What we need is the sanction of alumni on the general principle of the constitution. We could then carry on business in the best interests of the Association. Any changes or contributions which you care to present will be considered by the Council and if acceptable, these can be embodied in the constitution.

Although the April issue of *The New Trail* was set up well in advance, the heavy strain on our printing department at Convocation time delayed the publication; consequently time during which alumni might consider amendments before the deadline of May 15 was very brief. It seems now desirable to offer alumni a longer period in which to decide. We thank those graduates who have responded and hope to receive ballots from those who have not.

G. B. SANFORD,
for
*The Executive of the University of
Alberta Alumni Association*

Go, My Love

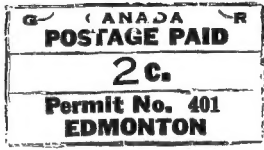
BY MARJORIE D. SKELTON

*I too have drunk the cup of "never stay,"
Have felt the lure of snowflakes in the night,
Have known one organ note to fall unheard—
Yet strike my heart in chords of mellow light
And I have felt the throbbing pulse of time
And answered with a quicker step, and seen
The pattern that it weaves eternally
Of all that is, and was, and might have been.*

*And I have heard that far-off, ringing chant,
That is not song, nor voice, and yet is both—
That leaves the snatches of a melody
Too faint to form a pattern, and yet loath
To be forgot—A loveliness I know
But cannot hold—Another world near by
That calls an instant, fades, and then is gone.
I still the trembling longing with a sigh.*

*So when I saw that look upon your face—
The look I had not seen, but knew so well—
I stretched my hand to hold you, lest you stray
Far from me in the land of "never tell."
But then I paused. If my footsteps must cling
To firm, familiar paths they cannot leave,
If I must know, and yet not know, beyond—
Should I then dare to doom the dreams you weave?*

*My love must set you free—not bind you down.
You must be free to touch that evening star,
Or in the silent morning's throbbing air,
To watch a lark's song wing its flight afar.
All this is good I give you back your pledge.
The day is new A butterfly flits past.
An earth-bound artist with a clumsy brush
Sits down to paint the shadow it has cast.*



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